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439 "I heard that you are buying things we make, as you did last year in my village. I have come with balata from my uncle, and I brought a stool to sell. Would you like to see it?"

And so Bayo brought us his stool. It was not well carved. Indeed, compared with even the least skilled carvings on benches and combs and trays and food-stirring paddles, the workmanship was crude. But one does not refuse a proffered article bruskly, and we sat down to talk with him about it.

531 322 It was Bayo who gave us our first insight into the meaning of Bush Negro designs, gave us our first information about this, as about so many other customs and practices. What is carved on the wood which the men work with such care has significance, and carries meaningful symbols which the Bush Negro is unwilling to reveal. That there might be symbolism in the art we had before suspected, but usually, when we asked, we heard the skillful evasions of which the Bush Negro is master. He did not know. Only the carver himself could say, but the carver was away or long dead. Or we would hear that it was carving, that it was carved to beautify it, that it was of an in-and-out design. Or, with carefully pointing finger that indicated the ornamentation, the Bush Negro would say, "This is wood."

531 So we talked to Bayo about his stool, expecting to hear one of the usual replies. But this time and without any urging we heard what we had so long wondered about. "Look," he said, tracing out the lines of the interwoven pattern, "this is a man, this a woman. This is her head, those her breasts, this her womb. Here are his head, his arms, his legs. We call this *womi-ko-mays*—man-and-woman. Here are the children which they will make," and his hands traced another series of designs on the top of the stool.

479 789 We bought his stool, and he stayed and talked of many things. Did we want to buy an *obia*—a charm? One day he would like to become an obia man. Already he could make obias which protect the wearer when he walks on the water.

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WHILE THE RIVER WAS HIGH

Had we provided ourselves with the necessary obias with which to travel to the country of the Granman? He had never been so far up the river. He would like to go there. Ai-yo! He would like to go and see Dahomey, the sacred city, and look at the Tapa Wata falls, and visit the Granman's village. Did we have all our paddlers? He was strong, and he liked to make a boat walk up the rapids. He could get his father to come with him as steersman. His father had strong obias and knew the river. We could not go until the river went down, but he would stay with us here and wait, and if we wished it he would go back upstream to his village and get his father and food, and be ready for us in time. He needed the money the Bakra would pay, too, for he wanted to be married soon, and he would have to buy many things for his woman and her mother.

When he left us, he went to one of the little enclosed houses that were there for travelers, choosing the one closest to us, and built a small fire. His younger brother and the white dog that came in his boat sat with him. The dog wore a cord about his neck, covered with red ochre, to keep him safe in the bush. That night as we ate we could see Bayo, his brother, and the dog squatting close to the fire and eating, too. And all the next day, and for several days to come, as we waited, Bayo was with us, talking, laughing, explaining, and making and buying obias for us to carry us safely on our journey to the Granman.

5

In the afternoon one of the political chiefs of the neighboring Christian village came to hear our phonograph. But when we asked him to sing into it, he said, "Ask me later. Now I am alone. We Saramacca people never do anything when we are alone." We had the year before acquired a powerful obia against slander and bearing false witness against us, and found the occasion useful for corroborating the invocation we had been given. The man, however, spoke with the greatest reluctance and looked

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got for the timber he and his great-grandfather had floated down the river, he had two fine cloths. One was older and was intended for visiting the villages on the way, and the new one was for the Granman's village. For this occasion, too, he was saving a pair of newly woven garters, though he would wear the two strands of small coral and yellow beads in some of the villages on the way. At Lamé, for instance.

Ai-yo! He would see to it that he looked well at Lamé, for Lamé had handsome women, and at Lamé the women knew how to love. His own powerful love obia had come from Lamé, and there it was in his canister and there beside it was a potent fighting obia which his uncle, who was surpassed by few on the river in the strength of his obia spirits, had made for him. Some day, when Bayo was older, he, too, would know all these secrets, for his uncle had given him some of his gods, and at dances he already showed that he had a strong spirit. Until that time came, he had the obia from Lamé to win for him the love of his fellow men, and should it not avail against the magic of some surly fellow who wished him ill, then he had the other which would serve him in trouble. And on his upper arm was his Kromanti obia—the magically potent iron band—which, by tightening, would warn him when trouble was impending. That was the way to go through life—a man asked the gods to help him meet whatever might come, the good spirits with good, and the bad with yet greater evil.

Up above, whirling past him in the pale dawn, the parrots flew, making a screeching chorus in the stillness, and rousing him to the murmur of the next rapids which he was approaching.

What was that? A boat. Going downstream, he was soon alongside it.

"*Tio*, greetings," he called to the man, speaking in the subdued ceremonial voice.

"Thank you, tio," answered the older man, for he addressed a stranger.

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but he did face about, and forgetting his seketi began to pole in earnest.

In a few moments his body glistened with the exertion, and over the circle and snake of kamemba in the small of his back the perspiration ran down in a trickle. When he had almost caught up he slackened his speed, and he and Bibifo talked about the river. Old Bibifo knew the river well. He was born beyond the Granman's country. A snake swam across the path of the boat, Bayo said. It was good luck. "See, look," he called. His eyes were sharp. The old man saw it, too, and then he called to us. There, close to the shore, a little ahead of us, a constrictor twined its tail about a liana, hanging head down, with a salamander slowly disappearing into its mouth. There was a slight jerk, the liana shook, the snake swallowed, and another bit of the salamander was out of sight.

Farther ahead we heard the report of a gun, and the crying of the mate of the wounded bird followed us for a long while. Bayo and Bibifo identified each cry, called by name the things that grew, planned about their timber rafts when they got back, until the next rapids were reached and passed and the conversation could be resumed, and then they talked about things which they did not care to have the Bakra know, and though they spoke none of the words of their ritual language, we could not understand anything they said. It was not until later that we learned to work out some of the elisions in their speech.

A strip of sandy beach showed where a village stood, and as we passed it, we could see the azang, the spiritual guard of palm fronds, preventing evil spirits from entering the village. We saw also a strip of white hanging from the end of a stick which had been put up for the ancestors, and beyond, the low shelter for the roughly carved and weathered image holding an obia pot on its head. Under the azang the path stretched like a narrow ribbon which was soon lost as the walls of green converged.

"Is that another village?" we said, pointing at a pale stretch across the river.

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688 Marowyne to earn money that he needed for marrying. He was in good health, and he learned about the river "*so te*—until . . . " he knew how to travel on the river safely. But after he had been away only a short time, word came to Kasanya's village that he was ill, and before he could be brought home, he died. They brought back his hair and nail clippings so that his spirit might rest among [764] his own people. They held a big *dede wosu*—wake—for him for six days in the village, with the little coffin and the offerings which were to accompany the spirit, and dancing and Anansi stories and the adji game, just as though he had died at home. There were many guns, too. Everything was done, and the spirit of the dead son was asked to help the family against the kunu which was brought to them by the deed of his mother's mother's brother.

The second son died in the bush. His own gun went off accidentally as he tripped on a hidden liana and killed him, [789] though Kasanya had provided him with all the hunting [229] obias a man would want, and he himself had a strong Kromanti spirit, so that no gun was supposed to have power to hurt him. The third was married when he died. His boat went over in the rapids. His body was never recovered.

782 "Tomorrow we shall all go and pray to the Mother of the River that she carry us well, that our journey be pleasant, that we reach the Granman's village safely. . . . There across the river is her shrine."

3

761 It soon became clear that two things dominate the fore-
776 ground of the spiritual life of the bush—death and kunu. In
688 the last analysis, however, the two are perhaps but one force, for kunu slowly, inexorably, brings death to one member after another of the offender's kin, and it is largely the dead ancestors and the gods who are responsible for the meting out of kunu, in order that the ancient traditions and beliefs may go on. And so it was that daily, and many times daily, incidents not of our special seeking arose to document our knowledge of kunu.

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Chapter V

THE SHRINE TO THE RIVER GODS

I

ON THE narrow strip of land below the Mamadam, our hammocks were slung between trees whose trunks leaned well over the water, so that once we stretched out on the canvas, it was like swinging over an abyss to the rhythm of water wearing down rock.

At one time the shrine to the gods had stood on this clearing, but boats had gone aground in the falls, and rafts which needed but little urging when the spirits were friendly were swung about in the current and lost to their kingdom at the river bottom. Even now a great log lay wedged in between rocks in the middle of the stream. The water had worn grooves into its hard surface, yet there it was, held fast against the timeless flaying of the falls.

Nor was that all. One year when the time for the new rains came, the rain did not fall. In the villages the priests climbed the ladders within the sacred enclosures and from on high poured out libations to the ancestors, beseeching them to intercede in behalf of the living. Those who had river spirits went to the waterside when the moon was dead to dance to the gods. But the drums gave back a dull sound, and the dancing was listless. Those who plunged into the river to swim against the rapids while the drums intoned the exhortations did not remain under water long, and when they came up they uttered no oracles. Many who were known to be possessed by powerful spirits paced back

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and forth on the sandy bank to the rhythm of the voicees in the drums, but their gods would not come. They could not dance, they could not find peace while the drums spoke, and so this disconsolate pacing went on week after week, on those days when the river gods might be danced to. Sometimes the pulse of the drumming, quickening for an interval, stirred the dancers. A shudder would go through the body of one or another and the dry throats would fall to uttering the sacred cries, but almost the next instant the hand of the drummer would go limp, and once more the listless, agonized pacing would continue. The gods were angered. When the drums called them from the river bottom, they came grudgingly and remained sullen, refusing to make their wishes known, and no gods or ancestors came to counsel the wise men in their sleep how to bend the will of the spirits of the river.

In the fields the parched earth baked in the merciless heat until it was like whitened bone. The few plants that had pushed their way up through the sandy soil were now brown dust which any wind might scatter. But there was no wind. No rain, no wind, for in the river the god of the wind dwells, and in the sky the rain god, and these gods are twins, and twins have but one soul, since it is with the gods as it is with humans.

No rain, no wind. Famine was upon the land.

At last, at the village of Opoku a woman had a dream. She was a pure albino, one of the type who, together with those who show by the slight turn of red in their wooly hair a strain of albinism, are called Toné people, and are identified with the river gods. To this Toné woman the gods came in sleep, and spoke their will.

"And what was it you gave to the gods?" we asked Sedefo, who had fallen silent at this point in his story.

"Mati," he said, after a pause, "I am not an important man. You ask what I may not tell. My mouth cannot take upon itself to speak what concerns our big men."

This much he would say. A boat filled with things had been sent down the river. Men standing at the river bank

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574 609 In his own house, Fandya continued to urge our staying. "Ame'ika Fandya," he said—the year before he had given his own name to the white man—"remain with us tonight and tomorrow. I am an old man. I would like to know that you saw a dance in my village. When you go to the Neng'e country, I would like you to say that Captain Fandya knew how to treat a stranger who came as a friend. Last year when you were here you said you would come with your wife. You have come. Your wife has come. Last year you came, and since then all has gone well in our village. Today there are not many people about. The women are [462] away in the fields harvesting the rice; the men are in the bush hauling lumber. But tomorrow night the women will come in from the planting grounds, because the day after they may not work in the fields, and tomorrow, too, the men will come. Stay and see our dances."

And the bassia, the man second in command, said, [789] "Mati, last year I took an obia against the evil eye from my own door and gave it to you to hang over yours, that enemies entering your house might not bring in with them bad magic. All has gone well with you. Stay. The gods have shown they favor our friendship."

2

361 The will of the Gankwe men had, however, prevailed, and we reached the village of Pa'aba that day in good time. It was one of the largest on the river. In front of the azang 501 which guarded the road new boats lay on their sides, and farther up the path were others in the making, some black inside with charring, others huge hollowed-out logs, like gigantic drums, waiting for the hand that would set their pulses beating. These boats were as large as any we had seen on the river, as large as the boat Sedefo had rejected because it rolled and he had to think of his kunu.

[556] Kasanya said, "This is a prosperous village. They make the best boats on the river here."

And Bayo said, "Ai, this village has strong men."

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did not eat deer's meat, or his brother-in-law the meat of the bush-hog. 784 962

There are many kinds of tchina. There are the obia tchina. A man wearing or carrying with him a charm—an obia—will have several prohibitions imposed on him. If these are observed, the potency of the magic in the object given him will remain, but if they are violated, it will become a worthless ornament. When an obia is bought, its maker will take the hands of the man for whom he has made it in his, and pass his own lightly over them, blowing softly, so that the power of the spirit he had called upon when making it may enter into the man for whom the obia was made. Then the obia man will lean over and whisper, that no one might overhear, "When you wear this, do not get into a boat backwards," or, perhaps, "Never eat crab meat while you have this about your neck," or "Do not eat cassava and rice out of the same calabash." 780 784 [262]

But with the personal tchina it is otherwise. At birth each individual falls heir to a number of taboos. They come to him from his father. When a woman is with child she observes her husband's taboos as well as her own, for the child might otherwise be harmed in the womb by being nurtured on what is hateful to his father, and therefore to himself, since his father's taboos are his own. Male and female children take these tchina from the father. Their mother's tchina are no concern of theirs. Those which she observes had come to her from her own father. What makes the father ill will make the children ill, too. This holds for their entire lives, and the male children transmit their tchina from generation to generation. 784 404 [843]

A simple instance of this is the one which happened at our base camp when Bayo, who we knew could not eat out of a cooking pot, came one day to ask us for a dish. "My father forgot his eating dish. Will you let him use one of yours? He cannot eat out of a cooking pot."

When one man says of another, therefore, "He has the same tchina I have," he is saying that the two of them are related in the father's line. [602]

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But when one man shares a tchina with another it does not mean that they only share prohibitions. There are privileges as well. There is the right to lift a *kandu*, for example.

The outsider among the Bush Negro people cannot go long without learning of kandu. Many times we had noticed a small bundle of twigs hanging from a nail over a doorway of an uninhabited hut, or had remarked a small strip of colored cloth and a feather or two knotted together and swinging from an orange tree, or a calabash filled with hardened sacred clay, suspended from a limb where a creek entered the river. When we asked about them, we learned that each was a kandu, a spiritual lock, which by the potency of the magic put into it by the maker protected the house, or the tree, or the fishing creek—whatever we happened to be discussing at the moment—from thieves. It was a guard which no man dared violate.

Bayo had made one for us early in our visit to the Suriname bush.

"I will make you something to keep away thieves. I will make you a kandu."

He had asked us for a needle, and from wood of a special kind which is used only in kandu he fashioned the representation of a human head. Some native fiber and two kinds of sacred grass held the needle and the carved image together. This he covered with white clay, the sacred pemba, and the red coloring of the kuswe plant, which is also sacred. When he had spoken his invocations, and dipped the kandu in the river to purify it, he brought it to us.

"Put it where you keep your money. I have put strong magic into it. Your possessions will be safe. Anyone who opens the chest and sees this, will not touch what is inside. . . . But do not eat out of a cooking pot. It will lose its power. I have given it my own tchina."

But it seemed that a kandu did not always remain inviolate.

"It would not be good," Bayo explained, "if a man went away and left a kandu over the house, and no one but he

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could enter it until he took the kandu away. Suppose a man went to hunt, and a friend came back to the village with a message from the hunter to get something inside the house. If no one at all could get it, it would not be good."

"What happens then?"

"The friend would seek out the man's own child—a child the man himself had made—and ask him to lift the kandu."

"Suppose his wife lifted it? Or his sister's child?"

"They wouldn't. The spirit in the kandu would punish them. His true, true child could touch the kandu, and his brother, or his sister, or his brother's children," said Bayo.

"The sisters' children?" we asked again.

"No, no! They would lift their own father's kandu."

Was there anyone else, we inquired, who could remove the kandu from a man's house?

Bayo considered. "Anyone who is born with the same tchina can lift it," he said, finally. "Those with the same tchina have the same fathers. Those whose fathers are the same, a kandu cannot harm."

7

We were talking one night with some men of the Anago clan.

"Is it true," asked one, "that in the Negro country there are great warriors, and many wars?"

In olden times, we said, it was true, but today the African peoples were at peace.

"So it is now on the Saramacca River," he replied, but with a laugh he added, "Sometimes there are quarrels."

For instance, there had been a quarrel on the river not very long ago over lumber which had been cut by members of one clan on land belonging to another. The men knew they had no right to the timber, but they cut it down. The first time they were warned, and fines were demanded. The second time it happened, however, the men of the clan who owned the bush where these trees stood surprised the trespassers, and beat them.

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824 796 Later, through the gathering darkness, the people of the neighboring villages went home, paddling their boats which were loaded down with the fish that had been netted. And from this time on, everyone knew that this neku vine was [423] [428] the property of him who had found it, and of his family, down through his mother's line, forever.

"Ai, mati, you would have seen something, if you had got here for the neku dance!"

6

361 Like any other Bush Negro village, S'ei was a series of sandy clearings about which were grouped huts of woven palm fronds and palm thatch. All about was the big bush. [487] [789] The trails which led from the village were each guarded by a magically treated palm azang, and shrines to the ancestral spirits who saw to it that evil was kept away. Where the several paths led, a stranger was not encouraged to discover. Down one, women were to be seen disappearing [482] in the morning with trays on their heads, their infants astride their backs, held inside the folds of a cloth which was fastened high above their breasts, and caught up again below them. In many upper river villages, this path led to the fields, some distance away. Others were the way to [478] shrines, erected to those spirits which must be worshiped outside the village. Another path might lead to a brook, which the villagers held sacred. There were trails, too, which connected neighboring villages, and led perhaps farther yet, but for the stranger, the highway was the river, [486] and no matter how short the distance between one settlement and another, he was not invited to make his way through the bush.

"You do not want to go through the bush, white man. In the bush are evil spirits," we heard many times.

A village clearing was divided into quarters. Each quarter was inhabited by one of the *mbe*, or extended families, and 361 the quarter bore its name. It was composed of several house- 592 holds—five or six or more, depending upon the size of the

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A NIGHT AT S'EI

A girl of ten or eleven led the chorus. She had a string about her waist, and the strip of cloth that was tied about her neck as a ceremonial garment hung down cape fashion. About her navel and on her face the cicatrized patterns had been completed. Her voice was the shrill voice of a child, and the answering chorus was as shrill.

"Chaka, chaka!" called the bassia who was directing the dance. He was demanding those movements which bring into play the muscles of the hips.

The women waited. They had come in all their finery, their tunics of the newest cloth, their coils of brass bracelets and anklets made to gleam by rubbing with sand, their skins dark and glistening with the oil rubbed into them for the ceremonial occasion. Those whose hair was worn in braids had redressed it that day. About their necks were beads. Their cloths were fastened tightly about them, so that their figures showed plainly.

The men, also in their best, waited with them. The iron Kromanti obias on their upper arms fitted tightly, and showed the great muscles above and below them. Those who wore beads had two or three strands of yellow and red intertwined, the small beads worn by men, small almost as okra seeds. One or two wore love obias—cowrie shells sewed on a band of white cotton, and then dipped into water which was thickened with white clay. One or two wore a small black bell-shaped obia—half the size of their thumbs—on a black string, and with swagger had swung it about so that it hung at the back. There were obias below the knee, and obias which were great brass rings for the big toe of the right foot. But one or two of the old men, and the young man who was in training for an obia man, wore a jaguar tooth on a string of native twining.

Drums . . . drums. Would there be drums?

The word was whispered from one to the other, and passed like a wave over the waiting figures.

But there would be no drums. This was the day when two gods might come. The god of the ant hill, for which men and women might dance, and the buzzard god of the men's Kromanti society.

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pieces of red and blue cloth worked with this thread, so that again the white vertebrae showed. Bayo and Angita wore their beads, and each had a garter below the knee of the right leg. Their garters were white in color, but of a whiteness which only new, unwashed cotton has. They were about an inch and a half wide and were so tight that the muscle of the calf bulged prominently. On their upper arms were Kromanti rings of iron which, by contracting, warned the men of impending danger. In addition, Sedefo and Angita wore the bell obia of the Gankwe people, and Bayo his love obia which had come from Lamé.

"When do you go, Sedefo?"

"When the G'aman speaks. When we finish a piece of work, then we do not want to be paid at once. We do not leave at once. It would be as if we had not gone together in pleasure and wanted to be away as soon as possible. With the white man it is one thing. In the bush we do not do it so. Here in the G'aman's village, we do as we do with our own people in the bush," he paused for an instant, and looked about toward the clearing outside the palings. "There is another thing. In the G'aman's village, men cannot leave until the G'aman gives permission. When the G'aman is ready, he will call us. We will speak together. Then we will speak with him again. Then we will ask to go."

Bayo had been looking about the council house with an interest which was not unmixed with awe at the Granman's possessions, and he spoke in whispers.

"Ai, when the G'aman gives permission, then we go."

As he spoke, the cloth over the doorway was gently thrust aside. Bassia Anaisi of the Granman's village entered. He was the man who had fired the saluting gun the day of our arrival and who had at the Granman's call come to serve the visiting chiefs with rum. He now greeted each in turn but did not take down a bench. For a moment he stood there, head lowered out of deference to the character of the place where he was, then he coughed slightly and, turning to us, said, "The G'aman is ready for you. The chiefs are here."

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623 643 [291] Our paddlers rose at once and left the council house. A moment later And'u entered, followed by a group of elders with closely drawn kerchiefs covering their heads. Among these only Kasanya and Bibifo were known to us. Kasanya brought his bench close to ours and moved it yet closer, with a gesture of the head that he wanted to continue the intimacy of our ten days' journey together.

"White man," he said, leaning over and whispering, "call your man from the city. At a krutu a man has someone to speak for him. So we do here."

576 623 643 And so, we soon saw, it was. Address in the council of the Saramacca people was always by indirection. If the Granman wished to speak to one of his chiefs, then he gave his message through another chief, though the man for whom the words were intended might be closer to him or more clearly in view.

643 623 [292] 302 291 Others came in, until the room was half filled when the Granman entered. Today he wore a printed red and black loose coat of knee length, and over it the ceremonial cloth worn by men here in the bush, so that where other men's bare shoulders showed was the sleeve of his coat. On his head were both kerchief and sun helmet. The men were anointed with oil, and many of them wore the jaguar's tooth obia. The last to enter was a man who was well past middle age, and he was followed by the young *obiaman* from S'ei. Both of these men wore the cloths required of men when not at work, but they were not so uncreased, or so new. Nor were their bodies bright with oil. The older man had several broad stripes of white clay from wrist to shoulder of his right arm, and from knee to pelvis on the inner left thigh. Slung from one shoulder and reaching across to the opposite thigh was a white obia made of native fiber, and on his neck were several others. To these [289] obias were added iron bands on his arms, while below his right knee and at the ankle of his right foot were other obias made of fiber and twisted black thread.

623 The men we knew greeted us as they took down their benches and found places against the wall farthest from the

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It appeared that nothing in a woman's life was so dreaded as childbearing, nothing more coveted than fertility, and no time so difficult and so anxious as when a woman was rearing her children.

"The day before a girl marries she prays all day to her gods," said Dida, who with Fenekonde and several other women had joined us. "I begged my god Kesekia and gave him rice and rum. All day they played the agida. I begged him not to hate my husband. I begged him to give us children."

When a woman conceived, her husband made her many obias, and especially a black sack obia with four cowries sewed on it, to keep her safe on the paths which led from village to village, and from village to her field. The fear of the power of bad magic at this time was so great that, if we but looked at one of the pregnant women, or let our eyes rest on the several obias she wore, she grew nervous, covered them with both her hands, and disappeared in fear that the very power of our glance might weaken the potency of the charms. She did not believe in the white man's magic, but she was not in a condition to wish to put it to a test.

"When her time comes, a woman sees to it that she is in her own village," said Fenekonde. "It is not good to give birth in the bush, or on the river."

This had almost happened to Wilhelmina with her last child. She was on the river alone in a boat. Chief Sungi of Dahomey met her and called on his gods to delay the coming of the child until he brought her home. He had strong obia, and so the misfortune was averted.

When the woman felt the first labor-pains, she prayed to the gods, and to her personal spirits. On the great Sky God she called, and the Earth Mother; on her ak'a, her soul; on the Yorka, the ancestors; and then she prayed to her personal gods, and particularly to whatever snake gods she might have, for some of these were known to be jealous of a coming child. But none of the gods dared be slighted.

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342 643 uninhabited. Its posts and walls and thatch were in excellent condition, and there was not even the weather-beaten appearance about it of a house which had been closed for some time. Nor had it the kandu, the spiritual lock of unoccupied houses.

778 346 To one side of this house was the open shrine to the great gods, the pole to the Sky God, the smaller one with a checked tunic across the middle of it for the Earth Mother. But there was also a figure of wood with a broad white cloth hung from it like a flag, and this, the villagers said, was the image of the Granman's father. When the dead man's spirit came to the village, it was this image he animated. In times of need and on days fixed by ritual, it was to this image that prayers and food were brought.

Some distance from this shrine, standing close to the uncleared bush, was a house that had been deserted. Half of it the great bush had already reclaimed. The thatch of the roof and one entire side wall had altogether disappeared, and in place of these were garlands of leafy vines, so closely interwoven and so brilliantly green in the sun as to give to the asymmetrical mass of weathered grayish palm, and the strangling green, a strange beauty. Not quite two years ago it had been abandoned, and soon it would be completely lost to the bush.

But the villagers looked the other way when we photographed it.

A little to one side of the house with the doorposts which showed the Granman's crests was a smaller hut, before whose door stretched a magic azang of palm fronds that marked it as a shrine.

[189]

[196] "This house is for the Apuku gods," said an old woman who heard our inquiry. "It belongs to me. It was built when my god told me to make it."

And without hesitation she led the way under the palm fronds through the opening.

This was the first time we had been permitted to enter a closed shrine. We had had descriptions of shrines from men with whom we had talked of the gods. There were some,

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surprised us that night at S'ei, and when he paused for a moment the women took up the chorus. From one song to another he went, and the hand clapping grew louder, and the chorus joined in more frequently, often breaking into his recitative, so that there was harmonizing of theme and chorus.

Once or twice the Granman called for a song we had already recorded, in order to give Mapasi a rest.

"Play us something from the lower river, white man. Let them hear their own songs, too, sung by others."

When the excitement of hearing the machine reproduce the song they had just sung had grown less intense, the singers repeated the song the phonograph was reproducing for them, for to listen to music without singing was difficult for them, just as when they sang, they could not but move their feet, though there was scarcely more than room for them to stand one close to the other. But a Bush Negro needs little room for his dancing, so that as the phonograph played their songs for them, they clapped their hands and danced in place. For a short interval, at least, the existence of the whites was forgotten in their pleasure of singing with the machine.

Until late into the night we played our records for them, and they sang for us. Whatever the consequences to the frail records of soft wax, we decided to play as long as they would listen, because of something in the manner of the Granman, something of wistfulness, let us say, and something, perhaps, which went deeper yet, as he sat there—a black Hamlet following a mute soliloquy while he looked on with his clever, perplexed eyes.

"Ai, so it is," he said at last, "and now let us go and get sleep." He rose and the others followed him out of the council house.

II

Early the next morning, while the tent on our boat was being finished, the Granman came into the council house with a calabash and a buzzard's feather in his hand. He came up to each of us in turn, and struck with the medicine-dipped feather the tops of our heads, brushed the eyes,

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touched the palms of our hands, and struck against the calves three times.

"This is obia," he said simply, and when he was finished, he went out.

Our cook knew this obia. It was Opete obia, medicine bearing the name of the sacred buzzard. It was given us that we might have a good journey down the river.

"Did you see how he was careful to touch the eyes?" our cook pointed out to us. "The Opete gets the eyes when it comes to a person, just like Kromanti goes into the head, and Vodu into the belly."

When we went out for a moment, and walked toward our storeroom, we saw the Granman splash water out of a calabash onto the floor and front wall of the house which held our supplies. Was it that our belongings might be safe on our journey down? It was no time for questions, and we asked none.

Women and children again came crowding about the white woman. Though they had been warned not to talk, there was still something of the warm feeling of earlier times which a command did not entirely destroy. Then, too, the order was that the sendoff was to lack no formality. As we stood there, a dog came running down the path. He was on his way to the river. In his mouth was a large ball of something which had been thoroughly charred. It was an offering to the river spirits, perhaps. It might have been less pleasant magic. He had been sent by men who were busy in the ancestral shrine.

When the white woman called attention to the dog, and asked what he held, the women recoiled with amazement that she should have seen the dog at all. Part of the magic might have been, as it was in some formulas we recorded, that he was to pass by inviaible to the strangers. But this is conjecture. . . .

The moment before we went down the path to the river, Amasina came up alone, and gave us her hand. She was gracious, and completely at her ease. Whatever was said, she had faith in her god Towenu, who had vouched for our friendship.

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531 The greater part of these carvings men made for women,
431 and it was a rare woman who did not take pride in the excellence of the carvings given her, though often it must have been the pride in something which had traditional value, for it would be false to assume that among any people are all men equally endowed with creativeness and all women with sensitive appreciation of what is created.

462 As among so many peoples, two or three types of art
530 were to be found. There was the same sex division in the
300 art of these people as existed in all other aspects of life, and the men were the wood carvers. The sharpest division in the art of the men was that between the secular and the religious. The religious art was crude. A block of wood, roughly shaped, with several cuts to indicate a face, perhaps a break in the line to represent the neck, and a few more strokes in the wood to differentiate the upper part of the woman's body, and there stood an ancestral image, or a village god. Often white clay was added to this, and sometimes alternate stripes of white and red, or white, red, and black, but when seen on a village path underneath a low open shelter, what color there once was had become
[308] weathered to a dull gray. The sacred art also included the
[189] charms called obias, worn on the neck, and about the upper
[301] arm, or wrist, or below the knee, or at the ankle. Many of these made pleasing ornaments. The white fiber dipped in red clay became a deep golden brown as the sun paled the crimson, and there would be the added color of a finger's length of blue and orange parrot feather, fastened inside the woven fiber square, and extending below the fringe of the weave. Into this woven square cowries might be sewn, two facing each other, or three, or four.

532 There was also the art of modeling, but this was so secret and so specialized that we were assured that not even all Bush Negroes knew of its existence, and modeled objects appeared only in the most important of the shrines.

With the religious art might also perhaps be grouped the red and white striped crooked sticks of the Kromanti

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Chapter XVI

BAYO, THE PLAYBOY

I

IT HAD been a day of hard travel, down the Mamadam, through the Musumba Prati, and down the long wearying stretch of quiet water until we reached the Tita Buka Falls. The memory of the up-river passage of these troubled stretches had not yet worn down sufficiently to allow of contemplating the downgoing without a measure of strain, but our anxiety turned to astonishment when the paddlers, skirting above the thunder of the water, steered the boats into a barely visible channel down which we floated by easy stages.

"Mati-o," said chief Mataibo to the young men, when we had made the singularly fine passage, "the gods are taking them with pleasure. We must do the same!"

Passing the Gran' Creek he prayed from midstream, calling on the spirit of the creek, whom he addressed as ancestor, to give us long life in our white man's country.

Now we were here at Djamungo, at Bayo's village where, if he were only there, we should be seeing a fine dance, and where, what at the moment was far more important for us, many sacred objects awaited us. Djamungo was a village about whose magic other villages on the river were uneasy.

"Bayo is at Gankwe waiting for you. He is helping the men haul lumber, but when he hears you are back, he will come," said a woman who came up saying she was his

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mother. The woman who had made Bayo was her sister, she told us.

The resemblance between this woman and Bayo was marked. She had the same dark skin, the same stocky, muscular build, the broad nose, the same general cast of features we had known so well in Bayo. Similar, too, were the sharply etched scars on her face, which were so black and so prominent as to bespeak her great vitality and rugged health. There were other likenesses, we learned, and of these the most valued was the strength of their gods.

We had not been long in her hut before we noticed the iron arm-band she wore. It was, we knew, a "*tapu*"—a magical preventive which, in this instance, warned its wearer of danger, and kept her from harm in a combat. Seeing it on the arm of a woman was astonishing for many reasons. Not in all our encounters on the river had we seen a woman wearing an arm obia of iron. Iron was the sign of the Kromanti, a men's group, composed of those men who had the Kromanti spirit. It was in part warriors' secret society, and in part, when it was Obia Kromanti, the men's religious society which controlled the powerful supernatural forces of preventive and healing magic which played so prominent a part in the spiritual life of the Bush Negro. Now there were, we had been told, some women who inherited the Kromanti spirit, but these were few, and not until after their menopause could they enter a Kromanti house, and when this came they were too old to participate in the dance, but they sang the songs when the spirit came to them and did whatever else was known to the initiated of their years.

But this woman who was Bayo's mother's sister was not an old woman. As she talked to us, in fact, her breast was swung over to the side, and against her ribs was the head of the child on her back who was nursing. Yet on her arm was the fighter's "tapu," as the emblem of membership in the Kromanti group.

This was so important an anomaly that, following the etiquette of the bush, we hastened at once to talk about something else.

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"Will Bayo be married before we leave the bush?" we asked, telling her that only a short time would see us returning to our own country.

We had often talked of marriage with Bayo on our trip up river and had offered to make up what he lacked in gifts and money that we might witness the festivities of marriage. He had, of course, promised to have matters arranged.

Bayo's aunt laughed, however, when she heard the question, and turned to the other woman who was with us in the dimly lighted hut.

"Did you hear what the white man asks?" she called out to her companion. "White man, let me tell you something. Bayo is a long way from marrying yet. Why, his girl's breasts haven't begun to come yet!"

It seemed that Bayo had also to see to many things before he could marry. He had not yet cut the field for his mother-in-law, nor had he made any of the carvings which he needed to give his betrothed and her mother, for Bayo was a poor carver.

"Bayo has cunning in his eyes, and his head, but his fingers have no cunning, Bak'a. . . . But you know this, Bayo is strong."

Her train of thought turned at the last phrase to our journey up river. Had we traveled well with Bayo? Had he got on with the other men? Awa, she knew that people liked him. It was the obia he had, and his own gods, but his gods were bad, too.

"When he was in his mother's womb, he troubled her much. He tore at her. Ai, she had no happy time of it with Bayo."

We remembered the incest kunu in Bayo's family, which lay in wait for all its members, killing off one by one until the line was wiped out. We ventured a cautious question.

"You are the sister of Bayo's mother?"

The answer, however, did not take us to kunu, but rather to the iron on her arm.

"Ai, and of his father who is now dead. In our family we have strong gods. It is these that have come to Bayo. . . . "

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"So we see from the Kromanti obia on your arm." Was she, a woman, possessed of the war-like Kromanti spirit? we asked her.

"It is as you see. I am a woman, and I have Kromanti—and it's strong Kromanti."

"We had not heard of women your age getting Kromanti."

"Ai, there are not many, but when my spirit comes, I dance heavy. I dance like the men."

We must have appeared unconvinced, for she became more emphatic.

"What they do in other villages, white man, I do not know. But I have Kromanti, and when the drums speak here at Djamungo I, too, come."

She rose and went into the inner chamber of the house, where the hammocks were hung, and brought out several objects wrapped in old cloth.

"Bayo said I should have obias for you when you came. He said you would pay well for obias. I have these for you."

The trading commenced. There were two small images—"*gadus*" they were called, both crudely carved. One was called Winti Nyamusi. It was a spirit which gave children to women.

"When I come to ask for children, then I take sweet rum in my mouth, and I spray the gadu, then I say, '*Naymusi, da wa' buno mi'i*—O Spirit Naymusi! Give me a fine child.' Then the child will come."

What was the other image, the larger one, with anteater's bristles inserted at sides and top?

"That is a Kromanti obia. It is the Opete spirit, the buzzard. When you take it with you, you must speak to it so. You must say, 'Obia-o, I am carrying you away with me. You must look after me, you must see that my life is spared, O great spirit.' Then you must spray it with rum, but not the sweet rum, not for Kromanti."

There were other obias she had for us, some to be worn about the neck, and others to be worn below the knee.

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"Bayo has asked me to find a strong *asumani* for you," she said, naming the obia she held with the word for such magically endowed properties used by the Ashanti today, on the West Coast of Africa. In rapid succession she gave us the African words of the Kromanti designation for the white clay, for the ancestral pot, and for several other ceremonial objects we discussed with her.

"Did you make these for us?"

"Ah, no. Women do not make obias. My brother made them for you."

The next morning when we were leaving Djamungo she came to the landing place with us. In our hands were the images we had bought. The young paddlers looked on them with fear. On no account would they even come too close to us who carried them. It was not the image, nor the external properties of a sacred object which disclosed its power, but rather the magic that had been called to reside in it, and the strength of the gods of him who had been instrumental in bringing the magic to the figure of wood, the brass bell, the cowrie shells, the ant-eater's bristles, or whatever else was used.

"Tell them in your village," Bayo's mother's sister called after us, "that here at Djamungo the Kromanti spirit does not come to men only. When women get Kromanti, they, too, can fight."

2

We had not been back at our base camp for more than a day when Bayo came up the path calling the greeting of a comrade. Had we fared well with the Granman?

He had, he told with pride, seen all those things a man who went on so long a journey should see, and he had been to Lamé again, where there were strong obias and where the women knew how to love. Now he would remain with us until we left the bush, and he might even decide to go with us to the city, and from there to the French shore, where there was money to be got. What with the money he had earned for timber, and the money we had given

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115 [58] [58A] him, and what he could get on the Marowyne in a year, it would be possible for him to see to it that his betrothed had all the gifts that a man of position gave to his woman. There were, too, other things to bear in mind. Already he had seen a girl who would make a desirable second wife, but that would require still more money.

115 593 "But, Bayo," we interposed, "we saw your mother at Djamungo. She told us your girl will not be ready for marrying for some time."

"Did she say that? Did she tell you that I am still a child?"

"What's the matter, Bayo? Don't you like her?"

"Awa, I like her. Not too much. She likes to talk."

231 224 We thought it politic to give the subject a new turn. Close beside Bayo lay the dog that had accompanied him the first time he came to us here, before our journey up the river. His was a curious color, a faint pinkish hue which puzzled us.

"What is the color of your dog, Bayo?"

"He is white when he does not have obia on him. He is a hunting dog. Tross is his name. He will stay with me. The obia comes off when he goes into the river."

We laughed. "Does Tross hunt in the river, Bayo?"

"No. In the bush. But if I leave him behind, he swims out to my canoe."

231 789 Tross was to become better known to us as the days went on. He had a great affection for his master, and this feeling extended to all those who appertained to Bayo. After Bayo had attached himself to our camp, we, too, came under the aura of his dog's regard, though this may have been made the more reasonable by the fact that the netting of the mosquito guards of our hammocks appealed to Tross as a comfortable place to spend the night. He was a good watchdog, and sometimes we were awakened by his low growl, and a voice saying "*Cho!*—Be quiet!" Just now we were interested in the cord about his neck, and we asked Bayo about it.

"It is more obia. It is strong, too. Nothing happens to Tross when he goes in the bush. You will see."

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him about it as he came to take the white man through the bush trails to a neighboring village.

One of the girls who admired him had achieved this, but how she had managed to make the minute braids was difficult for us to see, for Bayo's hair the day before, long for him, had not seemed sufficiently yielding to permit of braiding. Yet here he was, his head covered with innumerable small braids which divided the white scalp into sections and showed lines where the many regular parts had been made. This made quite a new man out of Bayo. He was no longer the warrior who went without food because he was bored with the idea of preparing the food—a woman's task or, at best, that of an old man like his great-grandfather Bibifo who had cooked on the up-river trip. Now he was a dandy.

"Ai-yo!" he crowed back as we speculated on the labor that had gone into the creation. "It took her almost all the night! It is hard work."

"She must like you, Bayo."

"She likes me well, ai!"

"Are you going to have her for your third wife?"

"Who knows? But a man doesn't marry every woman who braids his hair."

Soon Bayo and the white man were off through the bush, Tross going ahead as scout. Back and across the path he would dart and for the white man, unaccustomed to the sounds of the bush, it was difficult to tell whether the rustling he heard was caused by the dog, or by the small animals stirred up from time to time. Once a snake coiled on the path moved lazily away as they approached; Tross had disturbed it, and the snake had no mind for more encounters. Once a small animal of some sort dashed across the trail ahead, the dog in close pursuit, and for some moments we could hear them tearing through the underbrush.

"Aren't you afraid that some animal will hurt Tross, Bayo?"

"He is a good dog. And I have put strong obia on him."

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Chapter XVII

SARAMACCA OBIA

I

NO WORD of African origin which has survived in the New World has taken on such grim meaning as has the word *obia* in many of the islands of the Caribbean. No Negro there will speak of it, and its practices and properties are secret. When obia strikes in the islands, it is usually a matter for the government, and the forms its vengeance knows too often take a grisly turn.

In the life of the Bush Negro, however, obia is everywhere, and its name the commonest of bywords, for among the Suriname Negroes obia is not black magic, or witchcraft, or sorcery. Black magic in the Suriname bush is *wisi*, and wisi is never confounded in the Bush Negro's mind with obia.

"Obia is good. Obia heals," they say in Suriname.

"Obia warns, obia protects."

"Obia protects a man against the force of a bullet, the thrust of an iron weapon, the dangers of fire."

"You want to know what obia is, Massa?" our cook asked one day. "We have this *komfo singi*—this priest's song:

> "*I am no master,*
> *And I am no slave,*
> *Yet when the masters come,*
> *They carry water for me.*"

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This, he went on to explain, had the meaning that obia was not so great as the very great gods, and it was not to be ranked with the lesser deities who served as emissaries for the great gods, yet when the great gods wanted to help mankind, it was through obia that they healed and purified, it was to obia that men were instructed to turn.

It seems that when the Sky God created the Earth Mother and the Mother of the River, he also created man and beast. Man had a poor time of it, pitting himself against the forces of earth and sky and water. And so that man might survive, the Sky God had had to send obia into the world to help man. Obia was not a god, it was a spirit. It gave people knowledge of herbs which cured, and herbs which prevented sickness. Obia warned of danger, and made known those properties of earth and water and air which healed and calmed. Obia taught the use of the band of metal on the arm, or the string about the waist which forewarned of evil, and made man wary and alert.

After obia came into the world, the Sky God sent Akantamasu, the god of the ant hill, to plague man. Perhaps obia had made of man an overbearing creature, defiant even against the great gods, so that the Sky God brought the Akantamasu spirit into being to teach him humility.

The answer of the Bush Negro was, of course, that so it was, and so it had been long ago, but why, he did not know. The Sky God had willed it so, and the Sky God was so far from man that he never vouchsafed explanations to human beings, and they in turn rarely taxed him to ease their bewilderment.

There was also the power of the ancestors, but our Bush Negro friends were never certain as to how they ranked in the supernatural hierarchy. Some said they ranked after the Earth Mother and the Mother of the River, that they were greater than obia, because the ancestors punished as well as helped mankind, and when angered their punishment came swifter than that of the powerful Akantamasu gods. Others said the ancestors were greater than obia, because obia had been given to the ancestors long ago,

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and it was they who in dream or vision, or in a state of possession, instructed living men in the ways of yet greater and greater obia. But there were those who held that obia ranked after the greatest of the deities, that obia surpassed the power of the ancestors, for obia knew how to make "*yorka tapu*"—preventives against troublesome ghosts, and obia men could summon the dead to enter the body of a living man to make revelations.

Whatever the position of obia in the supernatural world, its place on earth was to serve man, for of all living beings, man alone knew obia.

2

What were the manifestations of obia in the life of the Bush Negro as we found them?

A black pot with its magic powers was an obia pot, the charm worn about the neck was called an obia, the medicines we gave the natives for their eyes or their cuts were called white man's obia, and their own mixture of weeds steeped in water, which stood in the burning sun gathering a green scum until it should be ready for use, was also obia. Young Yamati who had danced susa for us did not have a cord about his neck, but, he had assured us, he had obia for long life as did his partner Sabape, though his own could not be seen, since it consisted of several obia cuts made shortly after birth, which served instead of the cord. The strings about the waists of children were obias. The slight cuts to be noticed on men's arms, on thighs, below the knee, below the shoulder blades were obia cuts, too.

Nor was that all.

Bayo had said to us, "When obia comes a man does bad things. He destroys. When mine comes, it is ugly sometimes."

It was obia, too—Apanto's obia—which had stopped our phonograph, and obia again, invoked this time by Bayo, which had strengthened the spirit of the machine.

We talked about obia to an elder, a village head, from one of the down-river settlements, which was not, however,

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important enough to be the residence of a clan chief. His clan's magic was strong, and, being well past middle age, he could afford to speak of these matters with the whites, for like all Bush Negroes he was proud of the black man's obia.

"Ya-hai, white man, obia may well puzzle you. It is no small matter. No man knows all there is to know about obia. The greatest of obia men is never done learning. You say you spent more than twenty years learning your kind of work. Twenty years is nothing. All his life an obia man spends learning. The ancestors let him see a little at a time, and a little more. 'One step at a time,' as the G'ama' says. So it is, white man."

When did the learning begin, we asked him?

"In the bush here children see what we do, and they learn much by watching. They learn to recognize the kind of obias a man wears, they learn to know the names of obias, and about the *tchina*—taboos—that go with the wearing of obias. That is the beginning." All children knew that, but only boys could aspire to learn the secrets of obia.

A boy's definite training in these things began with adolescence. The ceremony was not formal, for it concerned only the boy and his immediate relatives. When the time came to teach the novice about the gods, his father and his mother's brothers met with him, and they held a krutu. Other men also came, men of the village and elders of their great family. The outsiders sat by and said nothing, while the instruction was carried on by the father and the boy's maternal uncles.

"First the father gives him his gods, and he tells his son the name of each god and how he must serve him."

There were songs to be learned and dances and invocations; there were the offerings which had to be made, and the manner of prayer memorized. He was told when he might call on the god and what names the god bore, for each god had several names, just as had each human being. There were many names to learn for the gods—their day names, their "strong" names.

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A man who wished to buy a god for his son went to a renowned obia man and agreed to pay him a certain sum of money if, at the end of the period of training, the god came to the boy.

"When the obia man says the boy is ready, they give a dance. At this dance, the drum is played for the god, and the boy must dance. If the god comes to him, then the obia man gets his money, but if the god does not come, then he does not get what was promised him, because they had made an agreement for a god, and no god came."

The training was not very difficult—it was not like the training for becoming an obia man. A boy was given obia water to wash in. Every eight days the water in the obia pot was changed, and this bathing continued for three moons. When the ritual of purification was over, he was taught the drum rhythms of the god, the invocations which the drum sounded, and the spoken invocations. Songs, and make-up for the dancing, and the dancing itself he was taught, and when he might call upon the god, and what he must do when the god comes, and what offerings the god was to receive. If the god spoke "tongues," he was also instructed in the appropriate language. There were the words of the mocking little Apuku gods and the sounds which only Toné people made, and there was the "Kromanti tongo."

"Can all the gods be bought?" we asked.

"Kweti, kweti!" he shook his head in emphatic denial. "The river gods cannot be bought. You are born a Toné man or woman, or the Toné god comes to you from your family. But all the Vodu gods you can buy; and the god Bongo, the alligator; and the ant hill gods and the gods of the kankan tree, and the Apuku bush gods." He paused for an instant, as if he were considering something. "And men buy Kromanti for their sons, if they have none to give them. Almost every man in the bush has Kromanti. If he hasn't it, then he tries to buy it for his sons. A man needs Kromanti. When he has the Kromanti spirit, fire cannot hurt him, nor glass, nor anything that cuts—

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anything made of iron—nor can a gun shoot him, nor an arrow pierce him. If he goes through a thicket of thorns or climbs a thorny palm tree when the spirit comes to him, he is not harmed. That is Kromanti."

"How much does a person pay an obia man for giving a boy Kromanti?" we asked.

"It costs plenty, white man. But a good obia man never asks too much. If a man says he will give the boy Kromanti, for not too many guilders, then we know he will do it. But if a man asks forty, fifty, then we know he is not an honest man, and he is not a good man. I have heard, though, of a good obia man who took as much as twenty-four guilders, but he gave the boy a strong Kromanti spirit, and it took much time to teach him."

3

From time to time members of Bayo's family visited our camp. Each time we were introduced to a new brother, or father, or *suwagi*—brother-in-law. Among these visitors was a man whose name we never learned, though we had talked with him a good deal. He was, we later came to know, a man who knew obia. He was a scholar among his people, a thoughtful man who often went about alone, instead of being accompanied by a fellow clan member or a member of his family, as is customary among these people. Like Bayo, he had an incest kunu, and at his age, he had already had occasion to see what kunu planned for him. He coughed badly. When men went to cut timber, he could not go with them because of his cough and the fever which went with the cough.

"Have you been to a good obia man?" we asked him.

He smiled. Of what use to go from one diviner to the next, from one man who had special magic to another, when a man knew that what was troubling him was kunu?

"Come to the city with us," we said, when we knew him better, "and we will take you to a doctor. He may be able to do something for you."

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He promised readily enough to go with us, but Bayo told us later that he would not come.

"He says the white doctor cannot do more than obia can do. He says a man must take what kunu brings."

Was there no obia against kunu? we asked of Bayo.

"No, but kunu is not greater than obia. It is something else. When the Sky God gave obia to man, he gave it to help man live, not to help him do bad things. When men and women earn a kunu for their family, it is because they do what is hateful to the great gods and ancestors. Obia was not sent to save men from punishment."

"Does obia never punish, Bayo?" We were thinking of what he said about his own obia, of how when it seized him, he destroyed things.

But he would say no more. "I am too young, Bak'a, to speak of these things. At my age I know only a little obia. You must ask the old men."

4

The conversation led us one day to the obia men on the river. They were, we knew, important persons in the Bush Negro communities. An obia man of reputation was not only consulted by his own villagers and clansmen, but men and women came to him from distant villages, when those who were nearer had failed them. It occurred sometimes that even from the Awka villages on the lower river, these Saramacca obia men were sought out—perhaps this was because of the same tradition which encouraged the buying of strange gods to enlarge the family pantheon, perhaps it was because of something which touched still deeper beliefs.

How did a man become an obia man?

From what we had already heard, it was apparent that here was something which approached the formal education of our own civilization, a form of education, indeed, which we pride ourselves is unique to our own way of life.

All other knowledge the Bush Negro child gains by being about with members of his family who are busy at

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and how to cure fever, and fio-fio. He is shown how to make obia medicine for lesions of the skin, and for colds, and for diseases of children. He is taught the protective obias for the woman who conceives, and those which help conception, the obias which keep people safe on the river, and those which guard them in the bush against enemy spirits.

It may be, too, that during this first period of training, the initiate is shown how to trap and treat the snakes from which the snake "cuttee" is made. This cure for snake bite is famous in Suriname among Bush Negroes and whites alike, but the secret of preparing the cuttee is known to the Bush Negroes alone.

While the young man is in training, he may not go with a woman, and there are many more prohibitions which he must observe.

"Not all men can become obia men."

"Does a man need obia in order to have Kromanti?" we asked.

"To have Obia Kromanti, yes. . . . Now do not ask about Kromanti, white man," said Bayo's uncle with a smile. "Only a Kromanti man knows about Kromanti. Do not ask, because I cannot tell you."

5

Men and women constantly drifted to our base camp with carvings for our collection. Many brought us obias. Some of these obias they took from their persons and sold to us, but others were newly made for us, for some of those they themselves wore, they would not part with, whatever the inducement.

"Why do you want my obia, white man?" a Bush Negro asked one day. "Do you want an obia to carry you well to your country? I will make one for you, but do not ask for mine. Mine has kept me in good health. I cannot give away an obia which has served me well. The spirits would be angered."

He returned after a day with one which resembled his own, and as he gave it, he placed it on the upturned palms

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of the white man and blew on it, drawing both his hands lightly over the hands which held the obia. When he had done this, he whispered its tchina.

"Do not let the obia come near a menstruating woman, and do not eat the meat of the crab."

Types of obias varied. Some were of fiber twisted into a cord and woven into bands to fit an arm or a leg, some were worn around the neck, and ended with a few cowries and a bell or a black sack with cowries sewn on them or some bristles and a brilliant bit of a parrot's feather. There were also the plain bands of iron, the Kromanti obias worn by men.

One of the most interesting obias was the coffin obia. It was not to be worn casually, as were all the others we had heretofore acquired. When our cook saw this one he paled.

"Mi Gado," he cried, and then turned to the English at his command to give us a warning which would not be understood by those who stood near. "What you got there? Put that away! You wan' fo' die?" Nor would he come near it until it was well out of sight.

It was, we saw, best hidden, if we wanted to continue our course up the river.

The man who had sold it had himself impressed us with its potency. "This obia is strong. . . . Look, it is made of cedar, the same wood from which we make the big coffins, and it is wrapped in the cloth we use to cover the coffin in which the dead man lies. Now that you have the power which is in the obia, I can tell you that the black on it is the soot from the fire, the white is pemba, and the inside ring is woven from the maripa palm. It will carry you well on the river. Nothing can harm you when you already carry your coffin with you."

The logic of his last remark was not so convincing to the whites as it was to the obia man, but it seemed unwise to question him about it.

"To keep it strong, you must spray it with rum twice a month. When the moon is full you must do it, and again

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before the new moon comes, and when you do this, you must say,

"*Obia-o,*
Your spirit must stay,
Your power must not leave this.
Do not go elsewhere,
Do not become defiled."

There was the obia on which Bayo had lavished all the magic he could command so that his friends might be safe in the bush. From the sacred grass known as *s'a*—the same grass from which the woven ceremonial dancing skirts are made here on the river—he made several long lengths of twine. These he wove into a square which later became the pendant of this neck obia. On this, as a base, he sewed two cowries facing each other, and in the middle of the fringed border of this pendant he fastened a bit of a macaw's feather, blue and orange in color.

The twisted cord about the neck had several knots in it where the cord met the pendant. Tying is the symbol of attaching, of binding, so that if an invocation was uttered in the making of these knots, and the twine was then drawn taut, the power was certain to be lodged inside the knots. Then, too, knots form links, and links, whether they be in a metal chain or in fiber or wood, symbolize union, and any object or ornament with links is, therefore, much valued in bush and in town. A linked chain is a favorite gift to please the akra, the soul, among the coastal Negroes. A woman who wishes to attach her man to her will rise at night noiselessly and will knot a hair from the man's head three times, speaking her invocation. In the bush few obias are found which do not have several knots in them.

In his exuberance Bayo placed so many prohibitions on this finely woven obia, that we asked him if he could not nullify some of them.

"For very strong obias, we have many tchina. It is best so, because no one who wants to harm you will guess all of them and so succeed in robbing the obia of its power.

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But if the tchina are too difficult to observe, then the man who made the obia can take the tchina away."

Suiting his action to the word, Bayo took some water from the river into his mouth and, spraying it over the obia, said, "The tchina I gave you, I take away. The breaking of these tchina must no longer defile you or take away your power."

There was nothing more hateful to the gods and the spirit of obia than an unclean woman, yet if an obia man wished, he could instruct the power in the obia not to take offense at unintentional contacts with menstruating women, or at cloths belonging to such women, or at food prepared by such women. But to accomplish this, an obia man had to be very powerful and, even so, he could not feel sure that the obia spirit would countenance such violations indefinitely.

All of these personal obias had definite attributes. One was made to guard an individual on the water, another in the bush. There were obias for successful hunting and fishing, for being safe against the evil spirits at the crossroads, for slander, and for envy. One obia saw to it that the soul remained strong, another that no illness sent by an enemy might lodge itself in the body of the wearer; there were love obias, and fighting obias, and obias which kept ghosts away.

Yet whatever such obias were made of, the object in itself had no validity. A simple fiber with a jaguar's tooth attached to it might well have greater powers for safety in the bush than an elaborately wrought obia, whose maker had not a strong obia spirit to give it spiritual power. Without this supernatural potency, it would be like a village god that had been allowed to rot because of itself it was merely a block of wood, and the deity for whom it had been made had not come to animate it.

6

Long ago, the Anansi stories tell us, there was a bird that knew obia. The cries of this bird shook all the kingdoms

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of the earth. In one kingdom, a ruler sent the heralds to proclaim throughout the land that he who killed the bird would get half his kingdom, and his daughter in marriage. Anansi, the spider, killed a hawk and brought it to the ruler. But Anansi lied when he said this was the bird that shook the earth with its cries. At the very time he was trying to persuade all the people that this was the bird, the cries of the ominous bird were heard. So they put Anansi in jail. Now one day there was born to a woman a child who at birth wore a cloth of pieced designs, and a hunting sack. This boy said to his mother, he said, "Give me a little water, mother, and I will go out into the world to learn wisdom. God has sent me to kill the bird which troubles mankind."

When the boy grew to manhood he succeeded in trapping this bird that knew how to cook obia without fire. He killed the bird and took the obia pot with him, and that is how he came by the secrets of obia. He passed on his knowledge to the men of his family, and this has been going on till today, so that obia is being spread throughout the world by the descendants of this man who killed the bird that knew obia.

But obia was not one thing only.

"Obia," Bayo's uncle had said, "is first of all the spirit. It is everywhere. But there are many kinds of obia. There is black man's obia, and there is white man's obia. Here in the bush black man's obia is the strongest.

"A man who has the obia spirit makes obia to wear, and obia to drink, and obia to rub the body with, and obia water for bathing. He can make obia drums and obia benches. The spirit tells you how to do things, and it tells you what to do. When we say a man has strong obia, we mean his spirit is strong."

The Bush Negro obia man, said Bayo to us one day, knew the things the white doctor knew—he knew how to heal—and he knew other things, too. He knew how to keep sickness away. The things an obia man gave for healing were

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called obias. The charms he gave for warding off illness and evil were obias, too.

"So we call all these things. But each obia has a name. Every charm I wear is an obia, but if I wore the one you are wearing, it would be a soul cord, an *ak'a tetei*. One below the knee we call *asumasi* in my village, and one for the wrist *afimu*. The one on the upper arm is named *asido*. But there are many names, and they are all obia, because inside them is the spirit obia which gives them power. When a man sells you an obia and passes its power on to you, he breathes on your hands as they hold the obia. When he does it, he gives you the obia spirit which went into the making of this obia. If he did not make it himself, the spirit was given him by the obia man, and he gives it to you."

Obia, then, is the spirit; obia is the preventive and curing agent; obias are the charms that are worn by people to help them. Some have called these obias "fetiches," but even a slight understanding of them should be enough to bring the outsider to the realization that the object of itself is meaningless, and that it is only the power that has been given the charm that makes it effective.

Yet it is not strange that the importance of the fetich has been overestimated, for if the visitor did not draw out the Bush Negroes about their gods and their theories of the universe, the existence of these higher powers would almost go unrecognized. For everywhere there are to be found obias guarding the village, obias screening paths, obias worn by the people. That they are important to the Bush Negro is obvious. But they are important for day-by-day existence, and they do not possess the overwhelming importance of the great spirits who control the universe.

Many of these charms came to us as tangible evidence of the belief in obia. Some of those we acquired were of a unique character because of the power that was latent in them, some because of the intricacy of their taboos. Yet all of them paled in interest and in arresting quality beside the Kromanti Mama that came to us one night in secret.

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Chapter XVIII

"OBIA COMES!"

1

WHITE and gaunt and staring in the dim light, the Kromanti Mama rested on its whitened bench, and about it coiled a snake modeled from the same sacred clay.

It had come to us in stealth, and as we responded to the awe it inspired, we could not but wonder what had prompted the man who had brought it to reveal one of the most secret religious objects known to his people. He came late one night, his burden carefully wrapped so that no one might suspect what he carried. That night only, while in whispers he told us what it was and wherein lay its powers, was it out of those wrappings, for not alone during the remainder of our stay in the bush but while we were in the city, we were careful to respect the man's trust.

"When you take it to your white man's country, and some man sees it who has a Tiger spirit, he will shout the cry of the tiger. All who have Tigri are related. Wherever the Kromanti Mama goes, there the Tigri obia goes, too."

2

Obia, we were told, came into the world to heal and to warn and to protect mankind. Of all obia, Kromanti is the strongest. Why, then, is the Kromanti obia so feared?

The clue to an answer to this question lies in the behavior of the men to whom this obia comes when they are possessed with it. The man who is actuated by Kromanti obia is

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of the secret societies which flourish there is the Leopard Society, and this African feline is not very different from the one which gives its name to the Tigri obia. Other societies which chastise and protect have often been designated as "devil" societies.

Kromanti is feared, then, because of the kind of preventive it is. The man to whom this obia comes cannot be harmed by bullets shot from guns, by glass, by swords that cut, or by thorns which lacerate. Such a man is protected in combat from the weapons of his enemies and from thorny barricades that might be raised against his attack. It is protection for the warriors, and when it comes, the warriors who have the obia do not hesitate to test their immunity and to try that of others. A friendly, unassertive man seized by the Tiger Kromanti is in the grip of a power which transforms him into a tiger. When obia comes in the sacred dances, it is Kromanti obia. The Bush Negroes do not dance for the healing, protecting spirit that is obia in general. It is too remote. But when they dance and Kromanti comes, the women often flee, and the men who do not have Kromanti discreetly disappear. Only those who have Kromanti have nothing to fear from the attacks of their fellows, for they are protected by the power common to them all—the power of being unharmed by machetes or guns.

What is inside the Kromanti obia houses we cannot say, for we were never permitted to enter them. When we recognized their presence in villages we visited, the fact that they were Kromanti houses was acknowledged, but we were never allowed even to inspect the outside closely, and we were never accorded permission to photograph one of these shrines.

From our informants we learned that inside these houses there are paintings on the walls in black and red, the Kromanti colors, and in the white of the sacred pemba. There were, we were told, whitened benches that had about their tops the grass skirt of a kind worn by the obia man when he danced.

In the Kromanti house, too, was the Kromanti Mama. But until our friend brought us the one he had made for

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us, with its attendant bench and modeled snake, we had only heard the term.

3

In the dim light of our oil lantern, we listened and wrote in our book, while our informant told us about the Kromanti Mama.

"You must take it down carefully," he said, "or it might harm you."

The figure on the top of the bench was named Agbo. This was the watchman, and to this figure came news of all impending evil. About the neck of the figure was a Kromanti fighting obia. A stout iron ring, with red and blue cloth tied about one-half of it, it rested near the base of the watchman.

The eyes of this watchman were its most arresting feature. They were represented by deep sockets, and the effect was heightened by the beak-like character of the nose. Two ears completed the head, and on the body breasts were modeled. It was the only piece of Bush Negro modeling we had ever seen. This most secret of art forms was evidently little practiced.

"The watchman sees all," said our informant, "the Kromanti Mama knows when there is something about that will harm. She tells the snake."

Coiled about its base, this snake was treated in the same realistic style. The head of the snake and its tail almost met at the side of the clay figure which it encircled.

"His name is Bimbawai," we were told.

The bench itself was not unlike the obia stools we had seen in the shrines of the gods. Its rectangular top, curving toward the center, was fastened to the two boards which formed the legs. Like other obia stools, it was difficult to tell whether, under the thick coating of white clay, the wood was carved or not. In one respect it differed from all others we had seen—the bench wore, fringe-like, a grass skirt of the kind worn by the *komfo*, the priests. This was suspended from the top of the bench, the cord going outside

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789 the space where the snake was modeled, but never touching
798 it.
532 The man who was explaining the bench to us pointed once more to the snake. "It is not always lifeless as you see it here," he said.

When the snake came to life, trouble was brewing. It turned red, the color of blood, and all who came into the Kromanti house and saw it were warned of danger.

"How does the snake know when to come to life?"

[794] "It is Agbo, the guard, who tells the snake. When she tells him there is trouble, he turns red, and then we know."

Immunity as well as knowledge was afforded by the magical powers of this stool and its snake and the Kromanti Mama.

"A man who has Kromanti sits down on the stool, and puts Agbo on his head, and when he has done that, nothing can harm him."

[789] Thus is safety attained. But this only comes if the image has been propitiated by the Kromanti men. Rum, not of the sweet kind, must be offered it and prayers transmitted to its spirit on the drum which Kromanti recognizes—the apinti. If this is done, the Kromanti Mama will not lose its power, and the snake will continue to turn the warning color when danger threatens, and the bench will give protection to the men who have the Kromanti obia.

4

796 Not long after we had entered the bush we saw our first Kromanti dance. The people of several neighboring villages came to our base camp to dance for us. They asked, "Will you be afraid if the dancing brings Kromanti?" We told them we should welcome whatever spirits came.

Late that afternoon canoes brought people to our encampment for the festivities. Some, with an eye to trade,

[939] had brought carvings and obias, and, as we sat and talked with them about what should be given for the pieces they offered us, we could watch the dance outside our open hut.

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7

187 The next day was our last among the Saramacca people. Bayo came to us early to help with the packing. He was apparently none the worse for his seizure and, as he worked, we could tell from his manner how release had come to him and how the tension we had noticed the past few days had left him.

On his body were no marks. His mouth showed no cuts where the glass was bitten off and chewed. When we told him about the glass, he knew nothing of it. Had he not known about this eating of glass, he might well have doubted our word, for when we examined his lips and palate and tongue, not even a scratch showed.

"What did you drum last night, Bayo?"

"When, before the obia came to me?"

He remembered nothing after he had leaped from the improvised apinti to run into the bush.

"Not when you drummed apinti, but when you came back here and took the tumao to the river."

"I don't remember. Did I do that?"

8

609 789 Despite the early hour we had to leave in order to catch the weekly train for the coast, the boats of our friends began to be seen off the landing place as they came to say their farewells. The good woman Tita, whom they called Mother Snake behind her back, was the first to arrive. She walked slowly up from the river bank, pipe in mouth, a pot on her head, and one in each hand. The pots held obias which, she said, were made especially for us, to give us great powers in our own land—one to keep us safe from the ghosts of those we had wronged; one to guard us against the acts of the unfriendly living; one to make all those from whom we sought advantage "love" us.

123 Sedefo's younger wife came with her child on her back to collect whatever tin cans were about, and some gift for the child when it wakened, knowing that something was

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"OBIA COMES!"

The river had fallen. Whole stretches appeared as dry as the sandy village clearings. The green-heart trees were in full bloom, looking like giant flowering mimosas with heads lifted high above the green wall of matted bush. As we sped past the village landing of Gankwe, women washing their clothes and children at play called out a last "*Adiosio-o-o-o,*" but in a moment we rounded a bend of the river and were out of sight.

Our only stop was at New Village, not far from the railroad, where the chief had promised to have an apinti for us. He was expecting us, and with him was his friend, the chief of Kadyu, whose village lay below the railhead.

"I had trouble finding a skin for the head," he said, "but one of my men shot a deer, and so I have a fine one for you. . . . And here is an obia to keep you alive on the water." He transferred the power of the obia to us, and then, as we rose to leave, he added, "When you get to your home, tell the headman of your village 'Howdo' in the name of the Chief of New Village, and his friend, the Chief of Kadyu."

9

As we floated up to the landing place where men were waiting to take our boxes to the train, we saw an hibiscus tree in bloom before the little shop kept by a British Guiana mulatto who did some trading with the Bush Negroes.

"What do you call this tree, Bayo?"

"Which one, this with the red flowers? I don't know. That's a Bak'a sani—a white man's thing."

Bakra sani!

The hibiscus tree, the mulatto who for the Bush Negro is also a Bakra, ourselves and our phonograph and flashlights—all were white men's things, intruders in his bush, strangers. Only by the grace of his powerful ancestors, and of the gods of his ancestors, might such things be allowed life and a measure of joy there, as witness the bright blossoms, the livelihood the mulatto earned, and our own good health.

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104 is analogous to the interpolations, "Oh, Lord," "Glory," "Yes, Lord," "Hallelujah," and "Too true," used in Negro churches in this country. These interpolations occur in speech and ceremonies in West Africa, particularly on the Gold Coast.

kerki, church. From the Dutch.

Kesekia, a snake deity. In Togoland this god is known as the wife of one of the sky gods.

keshesi, monkey.

kodjo, cudgel.

kodo, expression of affirmation. It is employed as an interpolation in narrative, and in proceedings at council meetings.

komfo, a person possessed by the spirit of an African diviner. In this sense the word is used in both bush and town. It is of Ashanti-Fanti origin.

koti-go, cut across.

'kra, soul. This word is that of the Gold Coast, a contraction of *akra*. Saramacca people also drop the "r" and say *ak'a*.

104 SR8 ●789 *Kromanti*, the name of a category of amulets which help the fighter, and also, we have strong reason to believe, of a male secret society. The former is known as *Kromanti obia*. The word can be most easily traced to the small kingdom of Coromantyne on the Gold Coast of Africa and to the slave factories in the coastal cities of Little and Great Coromantyne. The origin is often traced also to the Ashanti oath of this name, commemorating a battle in which the Ashanti King Osai Tutu was killed. Everywhere in the New World the Coromantyne Negroes were known as intractable, and it is claimed that they were the instigators of most of the slave rebellions in the New World, especially Jamaica and in the United States. In the Saramacca bush the rôle of the *Kromanti* group is in all respects akin to that of the Asafotche companies on the Gold Coast today. In both instances they are companies of young men—in more ancient times, warriors. In both instances they have magic to help them in war. In both instances this magic includes powers which endow the members with resistance to bullets, and to all things that cut or lacerate, like knives and thorns and glass. In both instances the power comes from the enshrining of magic, in Suriname called *obia*, and on the Gold Coast called *suman*. In some of the old Asafotche songs sung on the Gold Coast the word *Kromanti* appears. The opening of all Asafotche songs with "fire, fire," a euphemism for calling the alarm to indicate the need for all members to gather, is heard in the *Kromanti* songs. The role of the young men of punishing for trespassing against clan or village property, and of watching over the chief's rule, exists in the Saramacca country as it exists on the Gold Coast.

krutu, council, counsel. The Saramacca pronunciation is *k'utu; krutu wosu*, council house.

104 *kuma*, a formal greeting. It is used especially in the Granman's village. The entire interchange when two people of the Saramacca tribe meet follows the West African pattern.

kunu, a supernatural force controlled by the ancestors and gods, which punishes with extinction the families of those who violate the laws of the ancestors. It would seem to be derived from the Ewe (Togoland) word *kunu*, "death."

kweti-kweti, no, no. A ceremonial interpolation used in council.

kye, exclamation of surprise and entreaty. Sometimes pronounced *ke* and sometimes *tye*. This phonetic shift occurs in Negro speech everywhere in the New

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437 sleeping in their own hammocks slung under a shed provided for the purpose by the company. The next day they make their way back up the river, in the corial which they brought down with them tied behind the raft. They bring back no money; it is useless.

262 Cassava is very filling; yams are sweet; mareepa oil gives a sense of well-being; peanuts are pleasant while palavering; a few pieces of bahkra candy are toothsome to eat, but still the pot lacks meat. A slice of the white breast of a bush turkey, the *powese,* or a piece of the carcass of a red howler, or a slice of fat meat from the tapir or bush cow, or the second joint of *mom,* the bush hen, or the sweet Djuka substitute for ham, *pingo,* the peccary—these are morsels that black men dream about.

224 After resting a few days, one of the blacks wishes to try
789 out his new gunpowder, and makes preparation for a hunt. The bahkra powder is too strong for the thin walls of his
[411] cheap shotgun. He dilutes it with charcoal, adding a bit of pemba dotee, the sacred white clay, to help the shot find the game. A bit of dried nekku leaf from the medicine man adds to the straightness of the aim. The gun likewise must be sprinkled with high wine, squirted from the mouth. All

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this is bush magic. Around his neck several amulets are hung, one to enable him to find the game, another to keep him from getting lost, and the third, a small pouch of dried leaves, to make him shoot well. With these he takes the game trail behind the village, by the cassava fields where the women are working.

The trail does not last long; he begins to stalk like a black shadow through the bush. Overhead, parrots are cackling noisily, green as the jungle leaves. They eye him suspiciously as he snakes his way noiselessly through the tangled bush. In the dim blue jungle light the game is hard to see. But the Djuka, accustomed to it, approaches the tree where the parrots are. Some fly away.

Down on his haunches, like a Russian dancer, the hunter advances in a squatting position until he is directly underneath. He holds his gun at arm's length, the stock resting not on the shoulder but placed in the palm of his left hand, which is extended in front of him. This is a remnant from the old flintlock days, when the pans would occasionally flash back and burn the side of the face, unless the gun were held practically at arm's length. There is the added advantage of permitting a quicker movement of the barrel over a wide arc, especially when the hunter is crouched in this squatting position. He fires and the body of a parrot comes tumbling down through the leaves.

Accompanying the Djuka hunter is his highly prized hunting dog—a mangy little terrier. It is stained all over with a red nut-juice to lend it prowess in the pursuit of some par-

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224 648 The next day the hunters rouse early and breakfast in the freshness of the warm morning. Two of the Djukas refuse absolutely to accompany the bahkra any further. The white man, they say, goes through the jungle like a thunderstorm and brings bad luck. The prospects of getting any game with him around are exceedingly small. They get out their hunting amulets, and rub on their gun-barrels a concoction prepared by the medicine man. Daniels laughs at this, but they refuse to be teased. [789]

"You'll see!" they assert doggedly, certain of their magic.

The party splits up to go in three directions. Two bearers remain with us, one posted out ahead as a tracker, and Daniels, who brings up the rear as gun-bearer. The other two Negroes go in different directions and are immediately out of sight. We continue ahead, cutting the way through the bush—there are no trails. For two hours we tramp along without sighting game, realizing that *more things see us than ever we see*. The jungle is not teeming with game, as popularly believed. There is an occasional herd of bush hogs, [136] but in general it is necessary to hunt long and hard to bag any amount of meat. It is doubtful if a man could subsist on the food his gun brings in, not because the game is lacking but because of the difficulty of seeing it.

224 The Djukas also hunt in other ways. One device is "still hunting"—sitting motionless in a tree beside a game trail, waiting for some animal to come along underneath. The [411] Indians' *curare* and the blow-gun which shoots the poisoned dart are not employed by the Negroes. The only co-operative

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The Azang Pau. Phantom Barrier Over Paths Leading to Village. Upper Surinam River.

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drums carry farther toward heaven than the talkee-talkee of a lone supplicant.

It is not easy to distinguish between the primitive's magic and his medicine. In the village organization a distinction is sometimes made between the *medicine man,* who is concerned with remedies for sickness, and the *obeiah priest,* whose business is charms and rituals. There are two o[illegible] obeiah priests to each village. Their profession is the propitiation of spirits, that is, magic and religion. The magic of the obeiah men is largely secret. Once we arrived at a village while a ritual of some nature was going on. Pots were stewing in the centre of the clearing, while obeiah men were moving around them. One held a rattle, which he shook monotonously. The bahkra was asked to leave. It was magic in the making.

The Bush Negroes possess an extensive system of primitive medicine. Various roots, herbs, and nuts are gathered in the jungle, and their use is mingled with various superstitions. The witch doctor or medicine man who prepares infusions from these herbs holds no exalted position in the esteem of the villagers; he is simply following a particular profession to which no special prestige is attached. He may, however, be an obeiah priest in addition to being a medicine man.

He prepares several kinds of medicine, among them the *snakee-kutti,* or snake-bite cure. It cures the bites of all reptiles and makes the person immune from future attack. Snakee-kutti is made in this way: a venomous snake is killed and the head and the tail-end are cut from the body; the tail

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756 789 278 is placed in the mouth of the snake and the whole is roasted over a slow fire, along with certain herbs. Incantations accompany the business. After the materials are thoroughly charred they are reduced to a homogeneous powder, which is administered in two ways: first, internally, and second, by making a small incision in the arm and rubbing some of the powder into the wound. At first we were inclined to think that some of the venom might remain in the poison glands of the reptile's head, and so act as an antigen to set up a real immunity. But the heat of the roasting fire would probably destroy any such toxin remaining, leaving the resultant powder non-antigenic.

Even in Paramaribo enthusiastic accounts of the marvellous powers of snakee-kutti are common. It is supposed by some to have the power of making snakes turn and flee. Being curious we tried it ourselves, but noticed no effects.

778 789 Some doctors are skilled in the preparation of a certain strength-giving concoction especially in demand by Bush Negroes before a fight. If by the following day the combat has not taken place, the man who swallowed the medicine must get it out of his system by hacking viciously at a tree with his bush-knife; otherwise he will become ill.

According to Abaisa, men who drink this magic potion sometimes become so strong that with one blow of the machete they can make all the leaves of a tree fall off.

Bathing is another way of acquiring extraordinary strength. Three baths in water infused with *bimbe* leaves will give a man the power to pick a red-hot axe-head out of the midst

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of a burning fire without being harmed. Bathing every day for nine days in water in which rusty scrap iron and peanut husks have been boiled renders a man impervious to the cut of a knife and his flesh capable of turning any blade. Stomach-ache is treated by drinking an infusion from the hollow handle of a dance rattle. Especially potent in all magic preparations are the bristles of *tamanua*, the anteater. *Obeiah watra*, another infusion, is drunk by men before going into the bush, to give them luck and strength. It is also possible to acquire strength or other virtues by rubbing one's body with the putrescent fluid gathered from the corpse of a dead man who possessed those qualities.

If a person should find fecal material in front of his hut or rotten eggs along the trail in such position as to make it likely for him to step upon it, it is certain that this material was placed there by a member of the community who is attempting to *wissi* or bewitch him. Anyone who removes this matter is liable to insanity.

Minor cuts and wounds may be treated with the bark of the *aproconyo* tree. This is ground up and mixed with the brew prepared from the leaves known as *pekein fol caca* (little rooster).

/149 cont./

249 pikien keeng, small variety with thin stalks; is not cut with a
[789] cutter but broken off by hand; obia (1) is made from it;

1. obia = spirit medicine.

[262] switi-keeng, the ordinary variety which is most used: the stalks
[263] are eaten fresh (chewed) or the juice is expressed with the wooden
[407] sugar-press (ma) and boiled down to a syrup (lika) which is used in coffee or in crushed awarra (2).

2. awarra = prickly palm which supplies edible fruit.

273 For festivals one cuts the stalks in pieces and allows the juice to be extracted from them in water in a short korjaal (komata). This water is later heated in a pot and fermented into an alcoholic beverage (djojo).

245 Pineapple (nanási).

This is regularly grown, the shoots standing scattered on the grounds; after one year the plants produce fruit. Two varieties are distinguished:

bigi nanasi, a white variety;

indji nanasi, likewise a white variety, but sweeter.

[262] The fruit is eaten fresh. Together with sugar cane and bananas, pineapples continue to grow for a long time on the old grounds.

Papaya (papái).

Few papayas stand on the grounds, but many along the edges of the villages, where they grow into long tall trees.

[262] A long red variety is called bobi papai; a short yellow variety,
[252] papai. The fruit is eaten fresh, sometimes also boiled green.

/150/ Tobacco (tabáka).

249 Tobacco is cultivated on a modest scale in various places. The leaves are ripe for picking after 4-5 months (April to May); the man-high plant blooms after seven months with small, pink blossoms.

/152 cont./
245 white cucumber-like fruit flesh is eaten. The taste is refreshingly
262 tart.

249 Ricinus /castor-oil plant/ (karapata).
789 Is to be found in all villages and especially on refuse heaps.
302 The leaf is used for obia, the oil from the kernels as a hair oil.

Pepper (péprë).
244 Grows as a small shrub near the houses or along the edge of
[252] the village. The variety with small red fruit occurs especially frequently. The fruit is eaten boiled in meat soup.

Koemboe (komoe).
245 Stands in individual specimens in and along the villages and
[252] in the forest. The kernels of this palm are gladly eaten, softened with warm water and pounded into koemboe soup. The fruit is ripe in February-May. A large variety is patawah.

Maripa (maïpa).
[262] Absent in not a single village. The fruit provides a white,
[252] fatty fruit-flesh that is eaten fresh (May). The pits are dried and pounded to pieces with a stone in order to obtain the three kernels. After having dried these (in the sun), one boils from them a food oil.

Awarra palms (awá).
[263] Stand in little groups in each Bush Negro village. The orange fruit, which is ripe in February-March, sometimes also in June

/121 cont./

843 [827] Sexual relations continue during the whole pregnancy, for they are reputed to be indispensable for the formation of the mind of the child, which is thought to come from the father; also, for a man whose wife is pregnant there can be no question of abandoning her nor even of leaving for a long trip without the permission of the head of her lineage.

843 787 Forecasting of the birth. Divinatory rituals are carried out from the first months of pregnancy to forecast whether the childbirth will be easy or not. For that one goes to an old man who "knows" one of these remedies. There are several: one consists in making a small hole in the center of a cross outlined on the ground, pouring into it a decoction of magic herbs kept secret, and putting an egg into it. The remedy-master then says: "If the childbirth is to be easy, the egg must be crushed as soon as my foot bears down /122/ on it." They state that sometimes the egg resists crushing: from this they deduce that the delivery will be difficult.

844 [789] [845] When the time for delivery arrives, concern is centered on the danger of maleficent human entities, ɔgi sani, which try to become incarnate in the child. The woman is shut up in the house, all of its exits are blocked off, and ɔbiaman are called to perform rites of protection all around the house. If delivery is difficult, that is attributed to the fact that one of these entities succeeded in getting into the house in spite of the precautions taken.

846 602 The ɔbiaman are called to "wash" the woman with the help of appropriate remedies.. Only in serious cases are men allowed to enter the house. As a general rule, during the first eight days only women related to the mother may enter. (Care is even taken as far as possible to get as midwife (mena) an old woman related to the mother.)

764 /169 cont./
787 They will be paid when the gita has been "arranged," that is,
776 has lost the bestial character of the beginning and when the god
428 can express itself in intelligible fashion.

There and then they busy themselves with transferring
764 the god out of the body of the deceased. An obiaman well
787 known in the cult of the Papa gadu, Goutu (Dju) and his pupil
● 789 Balan (Aw.B.) come with calabashes containing infusions of leaves. Four or five women having a Papa gadu come and line up behind them. The heiress, with an extremely vexed air, takes her place among them, clothed with the emblems of the god of the dead woman; they are going to call their gods who will dance in honor of Kotoïda's god.

The obiaman and his pupil for several minutes trickle the infusion of herbs over the coffin, using packets of herbs like sponges, then they "wash" the women, including the postulant; he gives them the rest of the calabash to drink. One of the women, Samabun, falls immediately to the ground, attacked by the lowest form of possession: she drags herself on her belly like a snake (these are the first forms of the gita when it has not yet been "arranged." In her case that has lasted four years, contrary to what ordinarily happens. The scene was certainly anticipated, for she had put on European panties. The other women also drink but are not possessed; they leave to dress for dancing.

[534] The agida drum taken out of the god's chapel begins to beat, accompanied by two apinti.

The female bearers of Papa gadu arrive at the sound of the agida, smeared with pemba and carrying /wearing?--Tr./ the insignia of the god. Six come in all. They are not in a state of possession; only two will reach it. The first possessed woman keeps crawling on the ground, gropingly approaching the drum which she embraces, lying on her back. It is torn away from her. The obiaman continue to come to "wash"

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/169 cont./
her from time to time in order to help the god to manifest itself. The crowd presses around the women dancers who execute the greatest variety of figures. At times they embrace each other two by two in the Boni manner. The onlookers jump for joy.

The scene lasts about half an hour, then, at the signal given by one of them, the possessed ones scatter and begin to run through the village: this is the moment for the gods to pay the musicians. Each person rushes to hide his belongings, for the gods will steal anything in the village without anyone being able to prevent them: this is their way of paying.

Soon the possessed women come back, putting down at the feet of the musicians a heap of incongruous objects: /170/ calabashes, cloth, paddles, etc., which their owners come to recover by means of bottles of beer and eggs. Then the women who were truly possessed come back to their normal state and all go home.

This dance was not a success; those present think that it is because the women bearers had drunk tafia, which the Papa gadu detest.

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Inheritance. The dead woman is asked to whom she bequeaths her clearings. She answers: "To her family," this being understood because the bearers move parallel to the people present without designating anybody. Under these conditions the property must be distributed (Kotoïda having no children) among her classificatory nephews. Actually, the plantations still farmable will go to Samabun, her sister's daughter.

[591]

Inheritance of the house does not come up, for the dead woman lived in her husband Empalé's house.

The boat is left to Samabun.

Held back are the personal objects, money, jewelry, fabrics. When the mourning is lifted, the eldest of the surviving brothers or sisters in the classificatory sense will make the distribution among the near relatives.

/193 cont./

792 The Refugee Blacks consider beings and things as distributed on several levels:

--The creator god;
--Lower gods;
--Ancestors;
--Men;
--Animals;
--Plants and inanimate things.

To each of these levels corresponds a level of life and a level of force (kaakiti). A higher force may act on a lower force, but not the reverse.

771 One may say that the cults of the Refugee Blacks have as their goal to capture the vital force of the gods and the ancestors and to bring it back to the level of men, giving them strength, luck, and fecundity. To thus increase one's vital force can be defined as good. Evil (negative magic, witi) is, on the contrary, to capture the vital force of another man in order to increase one's own.

754 The idea that one has wisima is that he uses a higher force (especially an ancestor's yɔɔkɛ) which he has succeeded in capturing by magic and in subjecting to his will in order to dominate someone else. Reduced to his own strength alone he could do nothing.

789 824 The magic of the Refugee Blacks might allow one to believe that they think they act directly on men through the medium of plants to which magic virtues are attached. This [792] would be a grave error; in their minds, animals and plants are placed at a lower level absolutely incapable of acting on man by itself. Plants are thought to act only insofar as they appear capable of attracting, of holding like storage cells, the vital force emanated from the gods.

/200 cont./

787 --Possession is manifested by kinds of trances called gita or kɔmfo, of a varying nature according to the divinity concerned, which sometimes involve phenomena of insensibility and acts impossible to perform in a normal state;

789 792 784 --The first time the divinity enters a man, it imposes a kina (interdiction) upon him which will henceforth be the sign of his function. This is what is called a gadu kina. This kina varies from one divinity to another, but in principle a given divinity imposes the same kina on its divers bearers. The divinity names itself and indicates to its bearer a means of calling it back in case of need: make such-and-such gestures, scatter such-and-such a liquid or powder.

All that is recorded by those present who reveal it to the person possessed when he has come round.

It is taken for granted that the god protects its bearer as long as the latter respects the laws of its cult and observes its kina (in the opposite case the god may punish him cruelly).

787 796 789 428 Conversely it is assumed that the man has a certain power, a certain right over the god who possesses him. They say that he is the master of it, masa, word which is habitually used in the sense "to be the owner of." At his death he can bequeath this god in the forms and according to the laws regulating the inheritance of property. Of course the god is capable of not ratifying this decision, and it is free to manifest itself in anyone it wishes. But they affirm that in most cases it follows docilely the choice of its bearer. We shall see that this inheritance of gods plays an essential role in the functioning of the kunu.

787 181 Apprenticeship for possession. What goals does a man pursue who desires thus to have a gadu? Above all he seeks strength. To succeed in life, to be protected against his enemies, to be respected: Such are the goals generally pursued and openly recognized by the Refugee Blacks who "have a gadu."

/206 cont./

The Kumẽnti. These gods are common to the Saramaka (Kromenti) (1), Djuka, and Boni. The Kumẽnti are considered to be benevolent gods and friends of men, so their possession is very much desired. They do not come into men spontaneously, they are obtained only by applying to a teacher. In principle only men can obtain Kumẽnti, while on the other hand only women can have Bũnzunki /sic/.

1. There is no doubt about the origin of this word; it is a deformation of Coromantin, name given in the 18th century to Ashanti country. The "Coromantin Negroes," reputed to be particularly intractable, played a large role in the slave revolts. The Kumenti cult of possession must originally have been a cult peculiar to the Coromannn nation.

The Kumẽnti are specialized in protection against fire and against machete and gun wounds. These dangers hold the largest place among the anxieties of the Refugee Blacks, who spend almost all their life in the bush and with whom nearly all sores become infected and have serious consequences. Thus the Kumẽnti cult holds an important place in their magic; even someone who is not possessed will try to obtain from these gods an obia that will protect him from these various dangers.

The instruction of the disciples of these gods takes as its pattern the procedures described above, but the collective dances appear to play an essential part. The teacher calls on the gods by beating a special rhythm on ordinary drums (apinti) and by uttering invocations punctuated by the rattle of the saka (Indian maraka, that is, hollow calabash provided with a handle and containing seeds).

/206 cont./

153 791 787 786 [789] containing seeds). Sometimes, when a god has entered a pupil, the teacher puts the latter's passivity to the test by insulting the god with the help of the drum. The Kumẽnti gets angry, breaks bottles and swallows ground glass, walks in the fire, hits himself with machete blows, all without any wound resulting, they say, on the body of its bearer.

[302] These frenzied dances, whose participants completely covered with pɛmba (white clay) are as if hallucinated, have a bizarre aspect which is perceptible to some of the Boni themselves. They do not have any secret character and constitute, [522] on the contrary, a fine spectacle for the village people. The spectators double up with laughter at the contortions and strange actions which the gods inspire in those possessed. They are [521] talked about at length /207/ afterward in the evenings, humorists imitating what they saw done there, without any fear whatever of irritating the gods.

791 787 346 Each "teacher for Kumẽnti" owns a small gadu ɔsu in which are lined up the implements of the cult. One finds in general in these chapels a post crudely carved in the shape of a human bust, a block of stone, jaguar skulls, some kɔkɔti (shrub stalks with a spontaneous double bend, thought to be the prop of spirits in the bush), and a saka (maraka), the whole sprinkled with white clay (pɛmba). One finds also beside the door a seat and a trough which are used for the ablutions of the pupils.

153 791 787 788 While bathing his body with the infusion of leaves prepared by the teacher, the neophyte repeats, in ordinary language, a series of invocations: "Come to me, enter into me. But before entering into me, it is necessary to teach me the things of thy country; O God, when thou art in me, may I be able to dance on broken glass without its cutting me; may I be able to dance in fire without its burning me. If tomorrow someone takes a machete to hurt me, he shall not be able to come forward. If someone takes a gun to shoot me, (his weapon) must break, must not be able to take off. If someone is sick, make an ɔbia for him, he must recover."

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153 791 787 [195] In proportion as the pupil perfects himself, the god expresses itself more easily with the help of his body, begins to do coordinated acts and to speak. They say that the gita has been "arranged" (seeka). The Kumẽnti speak with a gruff, jerky voice, characteristic, which humorists love to imitate in the evenings' recitals.

In order to call on his gita voluntarily, the pupil crouches down, feet together, throwing pemba from right to left at the level of his feet and uttering the formula: "O Kumẽnti, djumpo ku a mi." Then he remains immobile in this position and waits; possession takes place generally at the end of a few minutes.

796 787 The Kumẽnti which enter thus into men are exclusively male gods; it is known that they have wives because they talk about them, but they never manifest themselves.

[812] The Kumẽnti are generally benevolent; still, no more than any divinity of the Refugee Blacks, do they represent a principle of goodness and justice in itself. They watch in a partial fashion over the interests of their bearers. Thus it is that A...., of the Dipẽlu II lo, has a Kumẽnti which reacts in a violent way when it has the impression that danger threatens [158] its bearer. It enters into him suddenly, takes a machete and storms through the village, while people prudently barricade themselves in their houses.

787 789 In certain circumstances, when their trances are particularly intense, the people possessed by Kumẽnti are capable, it is said, of walking in fire, dancing on broken glass, climbing thorny awara palm trees, and even having themselves struck with blows of a machete without any wound resulting from it. Professor de Goeje gives impressive personal testimony on this subject, such as the case of a possessed man who overturned a pail of boiling water on his body (1). Mr. Mathieu, Director of

1. In a note in Mr. W.F. van Lier's work, § 37.

787 the Forestry Society of Saint-Laurent, told us of seeing in 1937
789 among the Paramaka a possessed man take firmly in his hands a red-hot axe-head and keep it between his two hands for an appreciable length of time.

Personally we have several times seen possessed people thrash themselves with spiny awara branches and break bottles on their heads with such violence that the pieces flew several meters;; some of them were hurt, but others presented an intact epidermis.

There is no special instruction for the exercises of invulnerability. The possessed person does what he feels capable of, strikes himself progressively harder and harder, breaks bottles, etc.

It is affirmed that certain possessed people are capable of climbing the thorny awara palm trees. If the gita then abandons them, they can no longer come down. Those who know the Kumenti /sic/ language well then evoke the god by formulas so that he will come back.

787 578 [173] Theoretically, if someone wrongs a man who has a Kumẽnti, his gita "rises" immediately. The guilty one can do no more than flee. They say that in the old days possessed people were seen /209/ to kill those who had done them wrong. No kunu can result from this if the victim is in the wrong. Nothing like this has been seen for a very long time.

The principle is that if one has nothing to reproach himself about with respect to the possessed person, one has nothing to fear from him. This is why people do not hesitate to interpose themselves between the possessed one and the object of his wrath.

[789] If two men having a Kumẽnti get into an argument, their gita "rise" simultaneously and they strike each other with machete blows without, it is said, any harm resulting to either one, until someone separates them.

/209 cont./
wata ŋgi, Indians of the water. In certain spots, people have known since the time of the ancestors that there resides such a Bũnsuŋki, whose name they know; when they pass there, they address a prayer to it while making a sacrifice of tafia.

(The Bũnsuŋki must not be confused with wata mama, the mama-of-the-water of the Creoles, a dreaded divinity but one which the Boni do not appear to worship. The wata mama lives at the bottom of deep holes in river beds and never allows her face to be seen; she sometimes abandons one of her long hairs on the rocks and he who finds it becomes rich).

/210/ The Bũnsuŋki can enter into human beings, exclusively, it seems, into women. They give a different gita from those of the Kumẽnti. The possessed person dances at the edge of the water, then swims and dives for a long time. They affirm that if its possession is sufficiently intense, the genie carries the possessed woman along to the bottom of the water, where she stays for a very long time without any harm! That is supposed to have happened especially in Asisi village to a woman named Dabisa.

Possession by the Bũnsuŋki is not frequent. In 1952 it was known in Boni country in only three women.

As for men, they may perceive these divinities in dreams and receive benefits from them. For that they go to the place where it resides and bathe, uttering an invocation: "O god, watch over me, protect me, come to me at night when I sleep, speak to me, act so that I may not be sick, so that I may get rich." The following night, the divinity will come in a dream, demand a sacrifice (beer in general), say that it /grants/ the prayer.

The Vɔɔdũ (1). These are gods much feared for their evil

1. This word is obviously a deformation of the Dahomey word vodũn.

/214 cont./

787 their legs with this white clay; they prophesy in a singing tone, without the usual voice of their bearer's ceasing to be recognizable, expressing themselves in the Saramaka language.

796 The Ampuku have the appearance of men similar to Blacks, but unknown. They reside in the depths of the woods; [84] some are good, others bad. One can gain their good will by worshiping them, which is especially developed in Saramaka country.

796 535 [103] Baliki, of Kormotibo village, tells of having been present one day at a dance of the Ampuku, when he was traveling to the Saramaka village of Balen.

"During the day, people went on the paths far into the bush to put down calabashes containing certain herbs. At night were seen to come out of the forest a large number of unknown men, dressed in the manner of the Saramaka. They danced all night, and at dawn left again as they had come."

796 [789] [824] The Ampuku gods, considered to be maleficent gods of the bush, exercise their influence on everyone. When a person has slept in the bush, he "washes" himself free of Ampuku with an infusion of leaves of five plants which are part of the secondary flora surrounding the villages and of which the principal plant is the sangaafu (Costus cylindricus).

791 787 [619] Frequency of possession. In 1956 teachers or bas were very scarce in Boni country. For the Kumenti gods, only S... (Kotika) remained; for the Papa gadu, since the death of Antinon (Dju), there remained only M... (Papaïston) and B... (Asisi). People were commonly going to receive instruction from Djuka teachers in the villages of the Tapanaoni.

787 562 It would be a great error to believe that nearly all the men have gods. On the contrary, this is an exception. According to the evaluations we were able to make, there is not more than one adult man out of six or seven who is possessed.

/214 cont./

562 787 On the other hand, possession is much more frequent among women: it can be estimated that on the average, one adult woman out of three or four has a gadu.

162 776 787 For example in Boniville, out of 115 persons including about 70 adults, one reckons about 30 gods including 8 to 10 Papa gadu, 8 to 10 Kumẽnti, 1 Bunsunki, and 2 Ampuku.

791 787 56 562 Apprenticeship for possession can begin from adult age, but it seems /215/ that in general it is between 35 and 50 that women take heed of obtaining a gadu. Would that not be, very unconsciously, the desire to stay in the limelight and indirectly to keep a hold over men, once the age of sensual attraction is past?

787 Possession continues for life, and it is out of the question for a god to be transmitted before the death of its bearer. For example, in 1957, the centenarian grandmother in Asisi village, Kuluba, still kept her Papa gadu god. She had not participated any more in the dances of possession for long years, but her gita was always consulted.

But it can happen, if a possessed person stops taking part in dances and practicing the rites that have been shown him, that any manifestation ceases at the end of a few years.

We observed that in B... of the Dipélu II lo, in 1948 and 1949. He used to exhibit strong attacks of the gita of Kumẽnti. He stopped his instruction, finding that it was costing too much and was taking time. In 1952 he exhibited only latent manifestations of his gita at rare intervals. In 1956 nothing was any longer observable.

787 789 [824] It can happen, on the other hand, that attacks of possession become so frequent and so strong that the person concerned risks losing his reason; if it concerns a god which did not come of its own initiative, one can try to expel it. In order to "wash" someone free of a gita, he is made to pass between two rows of Obiaman who hold dry palms, pina tɔ̃ngo, in their hands and utter adjurations.

787 /215 cont./
789 in their hands and utter adjurations. We saw this rite performed
[114] in 1949 but without being able to observe the exact details.

787 The frequency of the phenomena of possession and the
791 importance accorded to them imprint a remarkable character on the religious life of the Refugee Blacks: all these manifestations have for each one the character of obvious material fact. How, then, doubt that one lives with the gods, sees them, and
[177] speaks to them? Because of this fact the society of the Refugee Blacks is utterly impermeable to European influences.

787 Some plants utilized in the rites of possession. The preparations
824 with which the possessed people "wash" their bodies consist of macerations of leaves. The plants used, which for the most part belong to the secondary flora which develops in the old clearings, are very numerous. However, some are regarded as
[789] having a very unique power. The first five especially are utilized by all the Boni to "wash off the Ampuku" when they have slept a night in the bush.

Aluku Name	Identification (1)	Use
[122]	1. Identification by Mr. Hoock, botanist connected with the Institut français d'Amérique tropicale (IFAT) in Cayenne.	
Lebi katu	cotton	cult of the Ampuku
Kɔnɔpo wiwi	Ayptis atrorubens (Labiaceae)	---- /216/
Foo kãkã	Tiaridium indicum (Borraginaceae)	----
Sume wiwi	Ocimium sanctum (?) (Labiaceae)	----

/217 cont./

774 Most of the Boni are not concerned with their akka. The only ones who take heed of it are those who have reasons to believe it irritated. The worship rendered varies a good deal from one individual to another in the nature and frequency of the rites performed.

774 777 [648] For example, K..., of Papaïston village, prey to a persistent streak of bad luck, went to consult a Creole lukumã from Surinam, who revealed to him that it was the doing of unsatisfied desires of his akka. His akka wanted a black dog and a copper bracelet. He procured both for himself, and since, he says, he no longer has the same bad luck.

774 778 B..., head of T... village, has in a corner of his hut a post crudely carved in the shape of a bust with a half calabash from which emerge stalks of saŋgaafu on its head. At the side is a small fraga tiki. He tells me that this is the god of the cult of his akka; these rites are strictly personal with him.

774 [822] Most of the akka esteem white beads and red cloth. If one sees a Boni wear a red cloak, one can be almost sure that it is by order of his akka.

[787] If someone's mind wanders or he has bizarre dreams, he may see in this the feeling that his akka wishes to leave him and that he is in danger of its happening. He then goes to ask [789] an ɔbiaman to make him an akka tetɛy: this is a ring of fibers worn on the big toe and which is supposed to prevent the akka from going away.

These rites vary a lot from one individual to the other, but they have a common principle. If someone begins to attend to his akka, he cannot abandon the worship during his lifetime, or else the akka will avenge itself.

Akka worship is strictly personal and is not bequeathed upon death.

/237 cont./

Not just anyone may resort to divination on behalf of someone else: only the eldest have the right to do it, and it has happened that the grand man punished offenders severely.

Fate. The Refugee Blacks do not attribute all misfortunes to suprahuman causes. They have the notion of natural accident, ɔŋgɔɔku. They say ɔŋgɔɔku miti mi, or again ogi miti mi, misfortune met me. They also accept the idea of natural death. They usually regard as natural death that of the very old, the infirm from birth, and sickly children.

Divination blames fate in ten to 20 per cent of accidents. It is the usual explanation for hunting accidents.

/238/ Magic Forces

As we have shown, the Refugee Blacks consider beings and things as a world of forces capable of acting on one another, outside of time and space, according to laws which men cannot understand but of which they believe they have a partial and empirical knowledge transmitted by tradition since the time of the ancestors. They distinguish negative magic forces, wisi, which have the effect of diminishing the vital force of men, which makes them sick or kills them, and positive magic forces, ɔbia, which come from the gods: the ɔbia comes to increase the vital force of men, giving them protection, immunity, or knowledge. But no power is in essence a principle of good or evil; nothing is impossible for him who knows the formulas; this is why the magic of the Refugee Blacks is reduced to a perpetual and indecisive struggle between ɔbia and wisi.

Wisi. Wisi is sorcery in the African sense of the term, that is, the use of magic procedures to harm others; wisi is for the Refugee Blacks the pre-eminently criminal act, at the same time against morals and against society. The struggle against

754 /246 cont./
755 The maïtif asked 2,000 francs from him as the price of
648 his consultation.

789 Curse. Someone who judges himself victim of evil-doing has at his disposal a supreme resource: /247/ cursing his adversary, that is, appealing directly to the supreme God, Masa Gadu, to ask him to punish his adversary. This is called seni gadu -- sending God -- against someone. To do that, while asking God to kill him or make him sick, one kneels and strikes the ground with both hands in the presence of the adversary or in front of his house. This act is regarded as totally different from wisi, for one is relying on the justice of God, who judges with equity and punishes only the guilty.

However that may be, cursing is for the Refugee Blacks a very serious act. It may happen that, feeling guilty, the source of the injustice asks pardon and promises to make amends for his misdeeds. The one who uttered the curse again implores Masa Gadu in order to take back the words he spoke: "He has given me satisfaction, do nothing against him." But oftener still it happens that a complicated affair is involved, that both parties concerned are persuaded of their legitimate [692] ground and curse each other. The case must then be carried before the grand man and straightened out at once or misfortunes [695] may pounce upon both lineages. The grand man judges without appeal and inflicts a punishment on the one who was wrong on the main issue of the debate. Then he obliges the ad- [778] [762] versaries to be reconciled before the fraga tiki, where the offering of tafia and water is made.

[828] The effect of these conceptions is to render nearly im- [754] possible hidden hatreds and rancors, which the Refugee Blacks fear very much, for they are the source of wisi.

688 In general, the act of getting angry in public and serious-
689 ly insulting somebody is considered as an offense against moral and religious law, capable of attracting misfortunes; it is an

688 /247 cont./
689 attenuated form of wisi; in serious cases the grand man may inflict a severe punishment on the guilty ones.

789 ɔbia. The Refugee Blacks use the word ɔbia (1) to designate

192 789 754

1. The term ɔbia is used by the Refugee Blacks when they are speaking to outsiders, to designate positive magic, but in reality this term has a very different meaning in their language. It designates any kind of magic action, negative as well as positive; likewise the term ɔbiamã has the sense of sorcerer as well as that of holder of a remedy.

192 The Boni among themselves use the word deesi, remedy, instead of ɔbia. They do not use the word deesimã in place of ɔbiamã. It is said, for example, of a man who knows the rites of a cult of possession "A sabi Papa gadu sani" (he knows the things of Papa gadu).

[787] The term gadumã designates one who is possessed of a god, and not one who knows how to bring on possession.

104 789 114 In the rest of this work we shall continue, nevertheless, to use the terms ɔbia and ɔbiamã to designate positive magic, in order to facilitate collation with the English- and Dutch-language authors who have used it in this sense.

/247 cont./

789 the object to which is attached a magic force, as well as that force itself. But there is no confusion in their minds; the object
[755] is only a simple support, it is nothing by itself. The traveler who sees them prepare an infusion of leaves for a sick person may be tempted to believe that they attach to this leaf the power of acting against a certain disease; that would be an error, they attach to these leaves and to the white clay, pɛmba, the power of holding, /248/ of condensing the vital force which emanated from a certain god. It is the god which "makes ɔbia," and not men; men do nothing but collect this energy and apply it.

755 787 The Boni distinguish two categories of magic remedies:

--Those which come from a god through the medium of a possessed person. The god must be consulted each time, and the remedy it gives is effective only for the asker alone, and for a limited time; it can act only when the god has been paid, usually in the form of drink or piece of cloth; in principle nothing is owed to the possessed person (they admit that he benefits by the payment made to the god), but the custom is to give him a bottle of tafia.

Consultation of a possessed person is in the eyes of the Refugee Blacks the normal mechanism by which the ɔbia descends from the god to men.

755 776 Certain Ampuku gods might give remedies effective for a particular disease and for any asker, remedies which could be transmitted from one man to another. Unfortunately we could not obtain exact information about this.

755 756 --Those whose origin is unknown, and which have been transmitted from one man to another for a very long time. It is believed that these are remedies which were found empirically by a man in days past; this is the case with many remedies specific for this or that disease.

In such a case payment is made to the possessor of the remedy and to him alone.

/250 cont./

789 396 There exist special ɔbia for the building of boats. The opening of the hull in the fire, a delicate operation, sometimes fails. To insure its success everyone possesses a personal recipe inherited from his father or uncle. It does not call by name and directly upon the action of a god; the Boni do not have a clear idea about the origin or the nature of these rites. It is a matter of a maceration of two or three kinds of leaves, generally belonging to the secondary flora which surrounds the villages, and they vary from one man to another. One pours this maceration over the overturned boat before the burning is begun, while saying: "The boat must not split, it must open well."

832 [673] The laws of Odun forbid the use of charms aimed at forcing the love of a woman one desires; that would infringe on a person's freedom, therefore wisi. It is very /251/ possible however that certain people go to get charms of this kind from Creole magicians. But they take for granted, on the other hand, the ɔbia believed to permit men who have little success with women to have more in the future.

951 789 There does not seem to be any hierarchy of ɔbia nor is one category of ɔbia believed to be stronger by nature than another; in fact, the Refugee Blacks are seen to go readily to ask one divinity for an ɔbia in order to protect themselves from another. Here is an example:

464 [648] In 1951 the administration had a systematic cleaning of the Petit Inini River begun, in order to rid its course of innumerable pieces of fallen wood which were making the use of motors on boats difficult. A team of Boni were employed in this work under the direction of a Creole foreman. While the [776] [787] work was being done, a Papa gadu "came into the head" of an old woman named M... of the Awara Bakka lo. It revealed that it was opposed to this work, for it lived in exactly this 464 776 place and the noise of the motors bothered it. Upon their return to Boni country, the men charged with this work learned the

/251 cont./

751 789 Renewal of the power of the ɔbia. The Refugee Blacks have the idea that no magic power can last if it is not renewed by formulas and offerings appealing to the god from which it came. [824] Each year, at variable dates for each ɔbia, one must renew the power of the ɔbia by dipping the support object into a maceration of certain leaves. This renewal may not take place on January 1. On that day all leaves lose their power. /252/

[768] Mr. W. F. van Lier writes that among the Djuka, objects (bracelets, etc.) serving as support for a magic remedy are thrown away upon the death of the owner for they have lost [184] all power. The Boni do not have this conception; with them, [428] these objects keep their value for the dead person's son provided that before dying he voluntarily transmitted them to him by giving him mula.

789 428 613 Transmission of ɔbia. An ɔbia is often bequeathed simultaneously to a son and to a nephew. Care is taken not to lose the ɔbia for the lineage. Thus it is that certain lineages have certain ɔbia as their specialty.

789 [171] Kãndu. The Refugee Blacks call kãndu a magic object intended to protect property (houses, harvests) against theft. This procedure is also very much used by the Creoles.

There are three common kinds of kãndu:

--Piiti tiki kãndu. It is made of a split stick stuck into the ground, in the slit of which dry banana leaves or small sticks are placed horizontally. This device originated in Dahomey.

--Sikopu kãndu. It involves a shovel stuck into the ground in front of the house (the idea of the shovel is associated with the idea of death, for this instrument is used particularly in digging graves).

--Bɔɔ kãndu, made up of a bow and arrow planted in the ground.

/252 cont./

789 The one who installs a kāndu utters the formula: mi poti yu ya, ɛfu a sama kɔm fu fufu mi sani, yu mu siki ɛn (I put thee here; if someone comes to steal my belongings, thou must make him sick).

[784] If someone goes beyond /iɛ/ and commits a theft, he will be struck sooner or later with various sicknesses.

According to the conceptions of the Refugee Blacks, the kāndu is blind and strikes as well the friend who came to take objects because he received previous authorization to do it. So, many forego placing kāndu, as with us, people hesitate to set wolf-traps for fear of causing accidents.

789 784 428 However, the kāndu does not act upon the people who have the same basic interdiction (bwasi kina) as the one who placed it. This conception shows that these interdictions transmitted from father to children really are the mark of true patrilineages.

674 789 754 In fact, we have ascertained several times, there are burglaries in Boni country in spite of the kāndu and people do not succeed in uncovering the burglars; it is infinitely probable that one must not see in this the stamp of freethinkers who do not believe in sorcery; these are people who have obtained from a wisimā a talisman of black magic stronger than the kāndu! At least this is the explanation their victims give.

789 751 One can lift a kāndu on behalf of any man, whom one wants, for example, to send to get an object which one has forgotten; for that it is sufficient to give him mula: one blows into one's hands and lays them on the man's head, saying: mi puu a kāndu gi yu, a 'ã mu du a sani ãŋga yu: I withdraw the kāndu for thee, it must not do anything to thee. /253/

Mula can be given retroactively: If someone perceives that he has inadvertently incurred the chastisement of a kāndu, he has several days to be able to ask for mula from the owner, for the action of the kāndu is slow.

/253 cont./

Various Beliefs

578 Fyo-fyo. If a Boni is on bad terms with someone of his lineage or of another lineage, he has the absolute right to turn a cold shoulder to him and stop having anything to do with him. But 828 if, hiding his rancor, he seeks, from selfish motives, to main- 753 tain the appearance of friendly relations, he risks falling ill, be- 761 ing struck by various calamities, or even dying from the effect • 789 of what the *Refugee Blacks* call a fyo-fyo. The nature of this [825] force is not clear; they know only that its support is a small, common insect named fyo-fyo. They declare that if a person dies from the consequences of a fyo-fyo, one of these insects will be seen leaving his body through the nose at the moment of death.

776 Taku sani. By this name the Refugee Blacks designate maleficent [775] entities of the bush, which they imagine as of nonhuman nature by contrast to the taku yɔrka, wandering spirits of dead people [753] rejected by society. These entities are lower beings devoid of [828] consciousness but dangerous for men into whom they may enter, rendering them sick or mad. Certain of these entities are believed to reside in plants, like the kɔtkɔti, others are thought to take on the appearance of dwarfs (baku), whom certain people believe they sometimes see at dawn on the outskirts of villages.

751 One protects oneself against taku sani by special ɔbia, and those who do not feel completely secure take a certain number of precautions in addition, like that of tearing up the leaves they have used for drinking water from creeks.

/253 cont./

751 417 824 Tyifunga (1). This is the name of the magic enclosures made

1. They also use the word azãg, borrowed from the Fon of Dahomey.

of shoots /"tongues"/ of pinot palm, pina tõngo, attached to a string, with which on certain occasions a village is completely surrounded. These enclosures are thought to bar the passage of the evil spirits of the bush (taku sani); they are put up especially in the case of an epidemic, as well as before the great festivals which attract a crowd of persons among whom wisimã can slip in. After putting the enclosure in place, people arrange themselves in a line at one end of the village and move along slowly so as to sweep its whole surface, firing guns, making all the noise possible by striking metallic objects and striking the ground with reeds to expel the evil spirits. This is what is called naki tyifunga. The elders repeat the formula: "U naki tyifunga fu ɔgi na: mu ku a so (We strike tyifunga so that the evil (spirits) may not be able to come to earth)."

789

751 417 The magic fence is then left in place until it is rotten.

753 76 Beliefs about leprosy. Lepers are buried at the limits of the cemetery, but they are not considered cursed, and mourning for them is carried out normally.

753 784 /254/ They take for granted that if someone is attacked by leprosy, it is because he has "broken" his bwasi kina. They think that an enemy can, because of ill will, hide a bit of the forbidden fare in the food. This is why the Boni do not willingly tell one another their interdictions.

/254 cont./

784 If someone realizes that he has broken his kina, he goes
756 to see, not an ɔbiaman, but the specialist-healer of leprosy
751 and asks him to treat him by way of prevention.

411 Beliefs about guns and hunting. The gun, which entered the
832 everyday life of the Refugee Blacks two centuries ago, has taken
[177] an important place in their magic. It is the symbol of virility.
[558] A Refugee Black who no longer has a gun is a man humiliated and almost dishonored. As one of them explained to us in begging us to help him replace his old gun eaten by rust: "If you cannot present yourself before the women with a machete, hunting bag on your shoulder, and gun in your hand, you are not a man."

411 This idea has been transposed onto the plane of magic
754 and they take for granted that the wisimã can, by putting evil spells on a gun, attack the owner of the weapon in his virility. It is supposed to be enough for someone to put his finger into the barrel of the gun while uttering a formula of vengeance, or even being moved by hate for the owner of the weapon, for this gun to be no longer capable of hitting the mark. So, to avoid these misfortunes, the Boni never part with their guns and never
411 lend them to anyone. If, in spite of these precautions, they
789 have the impression that a gun no longer fires so well, they will go to an ɔbiaman to have it washed of maleficent influence. There exist for that purpose several remedies all of which consist of soaking the gun for one to three days in infusions of leaves, which has the unfailing result of making it rust. We have seen a hammerless, latest model gun spoiled thus by an intelligent Boni head boatman, a clever mechanic and usually full of good sense.

224 We have never witnessed among the Boni any individual or collective hunting rites claiming to attract game or to promote meeting it (when, on the contrary, hunting piayes are extremely widespread among the Creoles).

/257 cont./

842 997 A few weeks afterward she found herself pregnant, and it seemed obvious to all that this was the doing of a Wata Ingi.

845 No magic power is attributed to the tone pikin, any more than special mental or physical characteristics. But it is assumed that they are the object of a special protection, and that they cannot be harmed with impunity.

771 The sacred character of payment. Relations between the gods 789 and men always have the character of a bargain, among the 935 Refugee Blacks: an irritated divinity is never appeased by repentance or good will; it requires that it be paid; likewise, an 2bia is of value only for the person who has paid for it. Refugee Blacks will never utilize ready-made magic recipes: uttering certain words, making certain gestures; face to face with such a recipe they will ask immediately: "From what [972] god does this 2bia come, and whom must one pay?" It seems that in their conception every transference of a spiritual power or a magic force disturbs something in the proper functioning of the universe; payment restores this equilibrium, it is the [971] mark of legitimacy. Some Creoles of African ancestry transpose the same idea with respect to Christianity, and this is /258/ why they insist so much on paying for masses and buying 759 "orisons" (1). One observes likewise that free medical care 558

1. Written prayer to which is attached protective power. This notion, borrowed from the rustic magic of 17th-century France, seems to have been introduced into Guiana by the first European colonists.

lowers the prestige of the doctor in the eyes of all.

/261 cont./

241 neglecting these rites. Their rigorous observance has the effect of preventing farming from becoming for them a commercial activity and of keeping a religious and family feeling in it.

824 798 784 [796] --The kɔkɔti (silk-cotton tree) is a much feared tree, for according to the elders each one of them shelters 12 categories of divinities, especially a Papa gadu and an Ampuku. So it is absolutely impossible to cut it. One must even be very careful not to injure its roots which spread far. The site of every one felled is preserved. Likewise people watch carefully so as not to injure the roots of the big silk-cotton trees often found in the villages.

824 798 778 361 Still, the fact that their site was chosen for setting up a village shows that people believe they can make an alliance with the divinities which reside in a silk-cotton tree and draw their protection upon themselves.

824 798 784 [796] --The katu tree (Bombax Surinamiensis), tree of very large size, living in symbiosis with a parasitic liana which appears to enclose it in a gigantic net, also shelters maleficent divinities (Ampuku, Papa gadu, Bumba gadu). One may cut it down after performing rites whose purpose is to transfer these divinities into another tree.

First, one must have procured from a man who possesses this remedy a pot of ɔbia containing an infusion of leaves in the middle of which is a bracelet of fibers. /262/ It costs [435] two liters of tafia, four liters of beverage (beer for example), one large piece of cloth, and one machete.

Having arrived at the foot of the tree, one bathes his body and machete with this infusion; one puts the fiber bracelet on one's arm. One also bathes several small sticks provided [822] with squares of white cloth (for the Papa gadu), dark blue and red (for the Ampuku), and a pinot palm (pina tɔnɔ) leaf.

One plants the sticks at the foot of the tree, one strikes the trunk with the palm leaf while invoking the divinities of

/262 cont./

824 778 784 the tree: "Ala sani di dɛ na a udu ya, da mu kumɔto, beka mi ɔ faa ɛɛ. Kɔm na a pina tɔngo: All things (suprahuman entities) who are in this tree, leave it, for I am going to throw it to the ground; come into this palm leaf." One takes away the palm leaf and the little flags far from there into the interior of the lands, to a spot where nobody is likely to come to fell trees, and one arranges them beside some big tree. The divinities will come and settle there. Nevertheless, it is still necesary to wait almost a month to cut the katu tree, probably to leave the maleficent influences time to dissipate.

824 778 [771] [171] The Boni are so afraid of this tree that many of them, deeming these precautions insufficient, give up the idea of cutting it down and go to establish their clearings elsewhere. The Creole gold miners of the Haut Maroni, who call it cottonwood, also attribute a maleficent influence to it and some of them do not cut it.

The Refugee Blacks fear also, but to a lesser degree, what they call kɔtkɔti, that is, the small trees of any species which, instead of having grown straight, have two angles in their trunk like a Z. This is a very rare anomaly. In such [776] [784] a shrub is hidden a maleficent entity, taku sani, capable, if a man cut the trunk unintentionally, to take revenge on him by paralyzing a limb or even the whole body in a bent position. In order to see whether or not the entity is present in the shrub, there exists, according to the Boni, a very simple means: one gently brings the finger near the bent part. If he feels his finger held there to the point where he has trouble drawing it back, the genie is present! The power of autosuggestion characteristic of the Refugee Blacks shows itself clearly here.

[789] Rites exist for rendering the kɔtkɔti harmless, for cutting them with impunity, and even for using them in magic preparations, but we do not know the details. Kɔtkɔti are among the objects usually found in the chapels (ɔbia ɔsu) of Kumɛnti; we have even happened to see one used to fasten a

/262 cont./

824 778 door; it was a particularly feared kɛ̃ndu that no thief would have dared to remove.

825 778 [776] --The Kɛ̃ntamasu are the divinities, especially maleficent and hostile to men, who live in the termitaries (these are termites proper, who make their nest in the earth, and not wood lice, much more common). There is one to each termitary.

[789] After a meticulous examination of the soil of the clearing, one marks all the termitaries /263/ and sprinkles each of them with a preparation containing leaves, pink clay kukusa, and manioc juice. One adjures the genie to go away, no matter where.

It happens that in spite of all the precautions taken a [787] termitary is forgotten. Then, several days later, one will [784] have the consternation of seeing the Kɛ̃ntamasu reveal itself in someone of the lineage; it announces that it is going to [782] exercise its kunu (curse). It is temporarily appeased by offerings of tafia, various drinks, red cloth.

776 198 787 The Kɛ̃ntamasu call themselves the Akɔlo. Through the mouth of their bearers they speak a language nobody understands. However, when they wish to be understood by those present they speak Kumɛ̃nti.

755 784 Observation in Boniville, January, 1957:

A..., boatman of the border-fixing mission, asks for three days off. His wife, Masauman, has been ill for several days; divination (in this particular case the gita of a female relative in his lineage) showed that it was the doing of a Kɛ̃ntamasu injured in the burning of the clearing which he himself, A..., cut for his wife in October. The Kɛ̃ntamasu has not yet manifested itself directly, but a kunu threatens; to appease it he must put in action the remedy known only 000 to M..., an old man of Asisi. He will go to the spot, following

/271 cont./

+539 Anansi said: "Brother deer, go over there; you will find a trident I use for hunting; pull it out of the ground." The deer came back saying: "It is done." He showed him another trident which he himself had brought and hidden. Then Anansi said (to the genie): "Throw me to see." He threw him to the summit of the trees. He fell back on the trident. The deer knocked him down with a club, cut out his liver, and took it to Wénon. He said to Wénon: "Anansi and I killed a tapir. He stayed to smoke it. He sent the liver for you to cook." She prepared the liver and boiled rice. They ate to the last mouthful. Then the deer said: "All livers are good but Anansi's liver is the best." Wénon grabbed a pestle to strike him, but he was already far away.

3) Anansi and the Magic Frying-Pan

(One day) Anansi went exploring in the bush, comrades. He went into the bush one day, until... he was hungry. And now he saw a frying-pan hooked in the air. He went near, he said: "Frying-pan, why art thou beautiful thus?" It said: "I am beautiful, but I am not beautiful for nothing." He said: "Let me see." It began to fry all sorts of things, fritters, meat. He said: "Put that down on the ground in front of me." It put them before him. Then Anansi ate, he ate until... his belly was full. He said: "Frying-pan, I beg of thee, stop." It stopped, glan! He said: "What kina dost thou have, in truth(1)?" It said: "It is the lemon, lemon juice, and the

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1. Let us remember that in the minds of the Refugee Blacks, to the exercise of any magic power corresponds a kina (interdiction).